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WILLIAM CAXTON.

BY PROFESSOR RHODES.



ARDINAL WOLSEY, in a letter to the Pope, written not long after the introduction of the art of printing into England, expressed his grief at the numerous evils which the new invention had already produced, and the deleterious influences it was destined still to exert. One passage in this letter is very remarkable. He says, "If men were once persuaded that they could make their own way to God, and that prayers in their own native language might pierce heaven as well as in Latin, how much would the authority of the mass and of ecclesiastics fall." The same forebodings existed in his mind respecting the effects of a general diffusion of knowledge upon affairs of state. He had an acute perception of the means which influence human action. And, when the gray-haired William Caxton began at Westminster to labour with his types, his ink-balls, and his rude press (Fig. 1), it was evident that a new power was established in England, stronger than cardinals or statesmen, popes or kings. The calculating prime minister, and the enthusiastic, persevering printer, both recognised its might; but one anticipated incalculable good, the other incalculable evil from its exercise. Let the condition of the world now, compared with what it was then, tell which was in the right.

Little is known of the early life of Caxton. Even the time of his birth is uncertain; but it was probably about 1410. The honour of being

his birth-place has been claimed for the little town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire; because of coincidence of name, rather than from any evidence of the fact. He himself tells us in his "Prologue to the History of Troy," that he first drew breath in the weald of Kent.

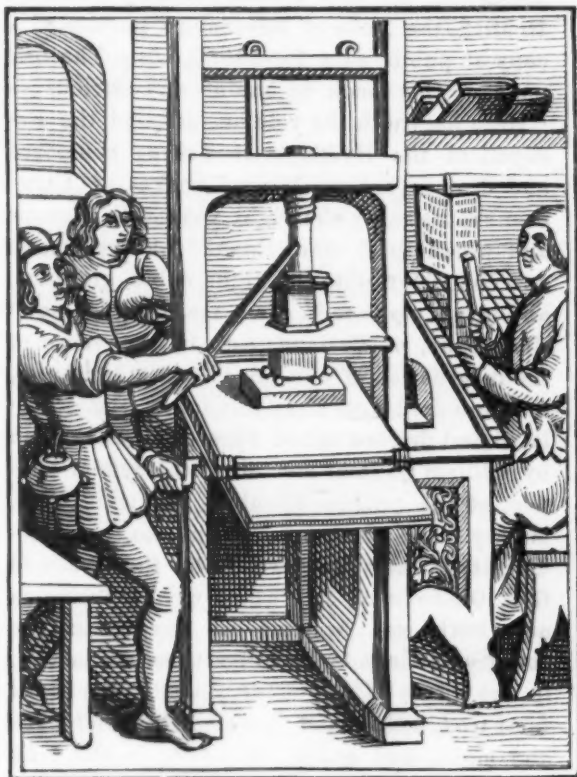


FIG. 1.

ANCIENT PRINTING OFFICE.

He afterwards served an apprenticeship under Robert Large, an eminent London mercer. Of the correctness of his conduct during this period, we may judge from a clause in his mas-

ter's will. This will is still preserved in the English Prerogative Office, and a legacy of twenty marks, shows that Caxton was favourably remembered.

For nearly thirty years after the decease of Large, Caxton resided in the Netherlands, as agent for the Mercer's Company of London; in which service he continued over twenty years. During this time he acquired so high a reputation for integrity and abilities, that he was appointed one of two commissioners to negotiate a treaty of commerce between his sovereign, Edward IV., and Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Subsequently he obtained, probably through acquaintance formed while thus engaged, a situation in the household of Philip's son, Charles; whose wife, Lady Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., afterwards became distinguished as his patroness.

Notwithstanding his other engagements, Caxton had found time to make himself practically acquainted with the new art, just put into successful operation by Guttenberg, Faust, and Schöffer. At the request of Lady Margaret, he published at Cologne, in 1471, in folio, a work which he himself had translated from the French. This was the first book printed in the English language. Such copies as are still preserved, are now considered very valuable. In 1812, the Duke of Devonshire purchased a copy at public sale, for £1060, 10s. The title page of this book is quaint and curious:—"Here begyneth the volume intituled the Recuyell of the Hystorye of Troye; composed and drawn out of dyverse bookes of Latyn into Frensshe, by the right venerable persone and worshippful man, Raoul le Fevre, preest and chapelayn unto the right noble, glorious, and myghty prince in his tyme, Philip, Duc of Buorgoyne, of Braland, &c., in the yeare of the incarnation of our Lord God, a thousand, four hundred and sixty and foure, and translated and drawn out of Frensshe into English by William Caxton, mercer, of the cyte of London, at the commandment of the right, hye, mighty, and vertuose Princesse, his redoughtyd Lady Margarete, by the grace of God, Duchesse of, &c., which sayd translacion and work was begonne in Burgis, in the countre of Flaunders, the fyrst day of Marche, in the yeare of the incarnation of our sayd Lord God, a thousand, foure hondred and sixty and eight, and ended, fynyshe, in the holy cyte of Colon, the xix day of September, the yeare of our said Lord God, a thousand, foure hondred, sixty and eleven." Caxton further informed the readers of his book, that "It is not written with penne and ynke, as other books ben, for all the bookes of this storye, named the Recule of the Hystorys of Troyes, then empynted as ye here see, were begonne (begun)

in oon (one) daye, and fynyshe in oon daye." Besides their long titles, the printers of olden time were accustomed to inscribe their ciphers in the books they issued. Figure 2 represents

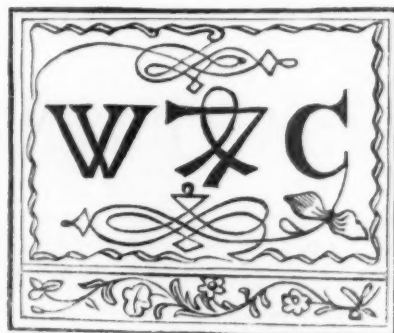


FIG. 2.

CAXTON'S CIPHER.

that of Caxton. It consists merely of his own initials, with the Arabic numerals 74, noting the year of the 15th century, in which he introduced the art of printing into his native country.

It was at Westminster that the printing-press was first used in England; and the *Game and Playe of Chesse*, dedicated to the Duke of Clarence, was the first typographical work executed there. Until within a few years, a house (Fig. 3), continued to stand in Little Dean



FIG. 3.

CAXTON'S HOUSE.

Street, London, pointed out by tradition as the house occupied by Caxton while engaged in his labours at Westminster. It was a timber and

plaster structure, three stories high; the last story having a wooden balcony resting on the projecting windows below.

Though Caxton was sixty-four years old when he published the *Game and Playe of Chesse*, he

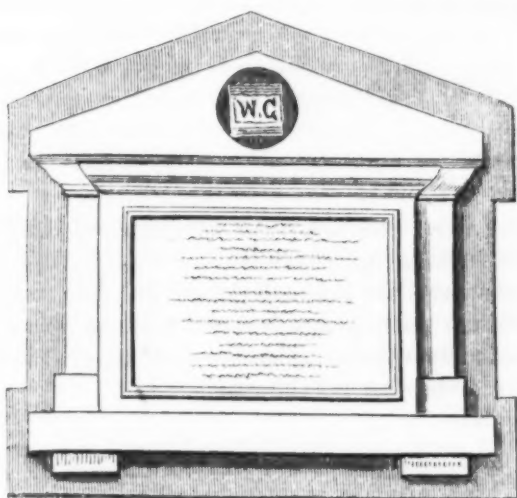


FIG. 4.

CAXTON'S MONUMENT, WESTMINSTER.

continued to labour earnestly and diligently at his favourite pursuit for nearly twenty years longer; sending forth from his press during that period between fifty and sixty volumes, most of which were composed or translated by himself. About 1492 he died; and was buried at Campden, in Gloucester, according to some accounts, but according to others, at St. Margarets, Westminster. A monument (Fig. 4), has been erected to his memory at the latter place. The inscription is as follows:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM CAXTON,
WHO FIRST INTRODUCED INTO GREAT BRITAIN
THE ART OF PRINTING,
AND WHO, A. D. 1477, OR EARLIER,
EXERCISED THAT ART
IN THE ABBEY OF WESTMINSTER,
THIS TABLET,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF ONE
TO WHOM
THE LITERATURE OF THE COUNTRY IS SO LARGELY INDEBTED,
WAS RAISED,
ANNO DOMINI MDCCLXXX,
BY THE
ROXBURGH CLUB,
EARL SPENCER, K. G., PRESIDENT.

SLEEP AND DEATH.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In linked embrace, two angels, Sleep and Death,
Together walked on earth. The hour was still
As the slow lapses of an infant's breath—
Evening! At length reposing on a hill,
Not far removed from the abodes of men,
These mild, kind guardians of the human race
Lay spelled by the sweet silence, that was then
Swung like a censer's vapour o'er the place.
Gradual the shades of night became more brown,
And the grand absence of all sound more deep;—
Up from his couch of moss as soft as down
Arose the Angel of entrancing Sleep,
And from his gentle hand he scattered wide
Invisible grains of slumber, and the breeze
Of evening wafted them from side to side,
Touching the child upon his grandsire's knees,
The old man leaning on his staff, the frail,
The bowed with care, the toiler all the day,
The mourners heavy-hearted, and the pale,
Sick victims of disaster or decay.
They lie unconscious, with close-curtained eyes,
Or, wandering far in dream-land, fancy-led,
See shapes of beauty throng around their bed,
Or lovelier landscapes and serenest skies.

His task accomplished thus, Sleep's Angel sinks
Once more beside his comrade sad and grave,
For oh! with tears and sighs Death's Angel thinks
That nothing from his fearful power can save.
Not so the former; gladly he exclaims—
"When morning comes, all will my influence bless,

All will bestow on me the fondest names,
Newly created by my warm caress.
Oh, joy! to be the bringer of such good,
Awarder of such pleasure, such relief;
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food—
These are great bounties, but my own is chief!"

Still deeper melancholy veiled the brow
Of Death's sad Angel. "Woe is me!" he said,
"Anguish is mine; always am I as now,
Esteemed the enemy of man, his dread
And bane and curse: no welcomes ever wait
My coming, but all means are vainly tried
To push the bitter cup I bear aside,
And bar my entrance at the humblest gate."
"Ah, say not," cried Sleep's Angel, "say not so!
Will not the good man, prostrate by thy hand,
Awake rejoicing in the better land,
And bless thee doubly for the happy blow?
Thee call his benefactor and his friend,
Thee the dear donor of celestial bliss,
Stealing the soul out with thy icy kiss,
To lap it in sweet transports without end.
Are we not brothers? It is ours to keep
Our Father's laws, his mandates to obey:
'Tis mine to open, thine to close the way,
For Death but terminates the task of Sleep."

As he spoke thus, Death's Angel's shadowed eyes
Lighted a moment like a summer cloud,
Which on the margin of the sunset lies
And wraps the west with a funereal shroud.
And the two guardians of the human race
Sate fondly locked in brotherly embrace.

* Paraphrased from the German of Krummacker.

THE BEGGAR OF SAN MARC.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

(See Engraving.)

CHAPTER I.

WITH the lightness and grace of a bird upon the wing, a gondola cleft the limpid waters of the Giudecca, and darting swiftly through hundreds of the same beautiful craft, gliding to the music of the gondoliers, swept up to the stairs of the Piazzetta San Marc; and, two gentlemen debarking from it, mingled with the motley throng which crowded the marbled pavement of the square. Threading their way through the gay multitude, they passed on to the church of San Marc. They entered beneath the porch over which stand the four famed horses of Lysippus, once the pride of Constantinople, seeming as if curbed by some invisible power, to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below, and ascended to the tower, from which they might command a view of the whole magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty of the clouds, have attempted to portray! The long sweep of the canals, and the broad lagunes, beat by their thousand oars, broke in golden flakes under the rich glow of sunset. The "deep-dyed Brenta," with its walled palaces, the green trees of the Lido, and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of countless galleys, like sea-gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shore of Italy, afar, the Alpine mountains, a glorious base worthy the glorious heavens which they seemed to uplift, and then, below them, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arch of her bridges, like chains of filigree gold, linking these islands of the sea into one magnificent gem,—all combined to render the scene too lovely for expression, and the two strangers (Americans) for some time stood speechless with its glorious beauty.

"Was there ever a scene more beautiful than this?" at length one of them exclaimed; "and yet it is impossible to view it, fair as it is, without a feeling of melancholy; for too surely has decay fastened upon this magnifi-

cent city, 'throned upon her hundred isles.' Her palaces, her churches, her superb towers and turrets are gradually crumbling into ruin, and, ere many years, *malaria*, with its poison drawn from the slimy canals and lagunes, will drive hence her inhabitants!"

"But,

'With the Rialto, Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! Though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore;'"

replied his companion, "the memory of her Doges, her grave senators, her richly-freighted argosies, oblivion may bury with the crumbling ruins around us, yet the genius of Shakespeare and Otway has rendered Venice imperishable. So long as the world stands, Shylock and the Moor will here hold sway."

"Look yonder, Irving," continued the first speaker; "see what a glow rests on the Rhetian Alps, which, even as we gaze, fades in beauty!"

"Like Venice herself, you would say, Winthrop," said Irving. "Is not that the Armenian isle we see to the right, so like an emerald? And how the bright bosom of the Adriatic heaves in this golden light, as if conscious of her wedded greatness; though now,

'The Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored!'"

"So many pleasant memories crowd around this enchanted spot," said Winthrop, "that we might linger here for hours, and still wish to look again. But we must not forget that we have promised to accompany Mary to the opera."

"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the chastened moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel."

So saying, the two gentlemen left the campanile, and descending the flights of marble stairs, stood upon the rich mosaic pavement, which seemed but a reflection of the brilliant roof above, for on both, the fadeless hues of

* The state galley, in which the Doge of Venice annually wedded the Adriatic, by throwing a ring into the sea.

lapis lazuli, agate, and jasper, united in pictures of glittering mosaic. Lost in contemplation, they proceeded through these aisles, so splendidly paved and canopied, adorned on either side with columns of porphyry, and were about to emerge once more upon the open square, when the attention of Charles Irving was arrested by the figure of an old man leaning against one of the pillars. Although his cap held out before him denoted him a mendicant, yet there was such an air of dignity about him as seemed to belie his vocation. Not Coriolanus, on the hearthstone of his enemy, wore a more noble look, as, with his cloak half falling from his shoulders, yet held in graceful folds over one arm, his silver locks, his furrowed brow, and his long white beard resting on his breast, he thus solicited charity. Irving dropped a small coin in the cap, and passed on in silence.

By this time the square of San Marc was thronged with Venetians, Austrian soldiers, Turks, and Albanians, promenading the spacious area, or gathered about the brilliantly decorated *cafés*; while from the gondolas which swept to the piazzetta to debark or receive their freights of beauty and pleasure, the song of the gondolier mingled with the notes of the guitar.

"Winthrop, did you observe that old man who just now demanded our charity?" said Irving.

"I did not. Beggars are so common here, that the eyes of Argus would fail to detect them all," was the reply.

"This was no common beggar I am convinced. I know not why it is, but I cannot dismiss him from my thoughts. I fear I did wrong not to have spoken with him, or at least I should not have insulted his pride by the miserable dole of a ducatoon!"

"In the words of Byron, he was, perhaps, 'some lordly patrician begging his bitter bread!'" said Winthrop.

"I fear so," replied Irving. "Ah, who can tell the struggle of that old man's heart; the sufferings, mental and physical, he has endured, ere yielding to this galling necessity! Among these lofty palaces where once, perhaps, his ancestors proudly ruled, he, their descendant, born to command, now stalks a beggar and an alien beneath their crumbling arches. I tell you, Winthrop, that Darius, chained to his victor's car, suffered no greater humiliation than the pride of a highborn, noble spirit thus subdued by poverty! I must once more seek the old man, and repair my error."

"Not to-night, Irving. See, here is our gondola; come, or we shall be late."

"Push off—don't wait for me; I will join

you in half an hour, or meet you at the opera," he answered.

"No, Charles, if you are determined to go I will go with you. I have no idea of trusting you alone, to the chance of a stiletto in your breast," said Winthrop.

"Nonsense, Winthrop; go home to Mary, who, I dare say, from our long absence, has been imagining us for the last half hour victims to some 'Bandit of Venice.' I will soon be with you."

The suggestion that by longer delay he might cause undue anxiety to his young wife, decided at once the argument. Winthrop sprang into the gondola, and, waving his hand to his friend, was borne swiftly over the thronged waters in the direction of his hotel.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Irving rapidly retraced his steps, and once more entered the church, whose vastness had now become more dim and solemn in the evening shadows which were gathering up her splendours in their stealthy arms. And there stood the old man still; his noble head bowed upon his breast, and his attitude one of deep mental misery. Although so urgent to relieve, yet Irving hesitated in what manner to make his presence and intent known to the object of his kindness; and the longer he paused, still more difficult it seemed.

"He surely will not remain here much longer; I will observe his movements, and, perhaps, a more favourable opportunity may offer to address him;" and, with this conclusion, Irving retired a few steps, and gliding behind a column, where he was himself unseen, still continued to watch the old man.

The church was now nearly deserted; a few persons only were strolling listlessly up and down the long aisles, and here and there a solitary worshipper was seen upon his knees, or prostrate upon his face before the image of some saint.

Not many moments had Irving thus concealed himself, when the graceful figure of a young girl, like a shadow, noiselessly flitted by him, and glided to the spot where the old man stood so heedless of all that was passing around him. Stealing one arm around his neck, in low tones she seemed to speak words of tender affection. The old man raised his head, a faint smile for an instant broke through the cloud of despair which was settled on his brow, he looked at the young girl sadly, but fondly, and then, without speaking, he motioned her to leave him, and sank again into the same desponding attitude from which her presence had momentarily aroused him.

"Come home, dear father; you have left me a long time! I have been so weary without you; come, father!" said the young girl in the soft, musical Venetian tongue.

"Home, Isola; we have no home!" was the bitter reply.

"Lean on me, father; the twilight deepens, and the cool evening breeze upon the Rialto will refresh you; come, father."

The old man clasped his hands, and raising them above his head, he groaned aloud; then, suddenly dashing his cap upon the pavement, he stamped upon it passionately, exclaiming:

"Senseless tool of my shame, I could rend you in pieces, and strike off the servile hand which held you to receive the beggar's mite!"

"Father! dear father!" cried Isola in terror, and placing her hand gently upon his arm.

"Call me no longer father, Isola; for I have disgraced you. Yes, Isola, I—I; a Foscarino, have this day stooped to a deed that shames the noble blood which courses through your veins! Leave me, Isola; let the darkness hide my shame; let me not go forth as a beggar. Ay, Isola, a beggar—where as princes my fathers trod! Go."

"Alone, father, alone! Holy Virgin, you mean not so—it is late—the Piazza and the Rialto are already thronged with the gaiety of Venice. You would not surely have me go forth alone. Oh no; come, dear father, let us go together."

But the old man waved his hand, and turned from her.

Then Isola fell on her knees before him, and throwing back the light scarf or veil which had before concealed her features, looked up, beseechingly into his face.

It was still light enough for Irving to note that the upturned countenance of the young Venetian was one of great beauty; and, indeed, the shadows which fell so softly around her served but to enhance her loveliness in his eyes. More than ever interested by the scene, he scarcely dared to breathe, lest his presence might be betrayed.

Clasping the withered hand of the old man, she pressed it tenderly to her lips; and then, as she knelt there at his feet, once more besought him in her sweet, thrilling tones to leave the church and accompany her. As the eyes of her father caught the imploring expression of her features, his countenance relaxed its sternness, he placed his hand upon her beautiful head:

"Isola, my fair, my lovely child, image of your sainted mother, you have subdued me! No, I will not forsake you! May God forgive the rash act I meditated in my desperation! Come, my daughter, we will return to our desolate home. Perish pride, perish all vain memo-

ries of the past! let all but paternal love and duty be forgotten; come, Isola!"

Isola drew the cloak of the old man more closely about his shoulders, lifted his cap from the pavement, and placed it gently upon his white head—every action, every movement revealing some new grace; and then, hand in hand, the old man and his child went forth together, followed at a little distance by Irving, who, forgetful of all engagements, sought only to learn the history of the two beings in whom he had become so much interested.

CHAPTER III.

In a spacious apartment, whose arched windows overlooked the sunlit waters of the Grand Canal of Venice, and in immediate view of the Rialto, our party of American travellers were at breakfast. The walls and the lofty ceiling were beautifully frescoed, and supported by pillars richly gilt and carved; the furniture, although faded and worn, still bore evident marks of its former elegance, when those, now mouldering in the tomb, whose portraits hung tarnished and neglected against the walls, moved through those splendid rooms in life and beauty. The Hotel R— was once the proud palace of a Venetian noble.

"My dear Charles, you lost a very great pleasure, I assure you, in not hearing the Prima Donna last evening," said Mary Winthrop, addressing Irving; "never did I listen to tones more thrillingly sweet! And, pray, where were you? Robert came home with some romantic story about an old beggar at San Marc; but, ah, brother, I doubt him; confess now, was it not some charming Signora, who, with her dark, fathomless eyes, thus wiled you away from us?"

"Ah, true, Charles," said Winthrop, "what became of you? And did you find the old man again who called forth such a burst of eloquence from you? You should have heard him, Mary! We must have you on the floor of Congress yet!"

Irving bowed to this compliment, and answered:

"Yes, I found him standing where we had left him; and, I have gathered enough from a conversation which I overheard between the old man and his daughter, to convince me that my suspicions were correct; he was no common beggar!"

"His daughter; ah ha! Charles, I said so!" interrupted Mary, laughing.

"Well, Mary, I will not deny that although greatly interested in the old man before his lovely child appeared upon the scene, I was still more so after I had seen her."

"Young and beautiful, of course?"

"Young, I am certain," answered Irving; "for a voice so musical and sweet, could come from none but youthful lips; and, I think, also most beautiful. Her form was grace itself; and, as seen in the dim light of the church, her countenance appeared to me one of exceeding loveliness."

"You quite interest me, Charles," said Mrs. Winthrop. "If you have finished your breakfast, we will go on to the balcony, and while I finish my sketch, you can repeat to me your adventures."

"My adventures, I am sorry to say, are soon told, and have a very unsatisfactory ending, at least, to me," replied Irving.

He then related what transpired between the old man and Isola at San Marc, with which the reader is already acquainted; and then continued:

"I do not remember, my dear sister, that my feelings were ever more wrought upon than at the distress of that venerable old man, and the tender affection of his child. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, forgetful both of my engagement, and of the anxiety my long absence might cause you. I left the church as they did, and kept my way a few paces behind them. After leaving the Piazza San Marc, the old man and his daughter, keeping as remote as possible from the crowd, passed along the narrow *cállas* and the numerous small bridges which traverse this strange city, and emerged at length upon the Rialto. Here their steps became slower, and the young girl unloosed the veil which she had hitherto held closely about her face, as if to inhale the cool evening wind; and I, also, fearful of being observed, slackened my pace, keeping within the shadow of the arches. It happened, unfortunately, that just before we reached the termination of the bridge, a party of gay masquers issued from one of the *cafés*, and with loud songs and boisterous laughter, came directly toward us, separating themselves in such a way as to fill up the whole passage. They had all evidently drank a little too much of their favourite wine. I saw Isola hastily conceal her features, and cling more closely to the arm of her father, who, drawing himself proudly up, stood still to let the revellers pass. I involuntarily hastened my footsteps, and, unperceived, stood on the other side of the young girl.

"Ha! ha! *mia bella!* don't hide your bright eyes. Come, a zechin for a peep, my pretty Signorina!" exclaimed a cavalier, rudely attempting to draw aside her veil.

"In one moment a blow from the old man had prostrated him."

"O Charles, you frighten me!" exclaimed Mary, catching his arm.

"A scene of wild tumult followed," proceeded Irving, "in which, of course, I bore my part, in defence of the old man and his helpless child. The noise attracted the notice of the police, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a body of the Austrian guard. As briefly as possible, I explained the facts to the commander, who, learning I was an American, courteously allowed me to pass; but on looking for those whom I wished should share the privilege with me, they had unaccountably disappeared. Imagine my chagrin and my regret! With those winding streets or alleys leading from the Rialto, I was wholly unacquainted, and, of course, could not pursue my search; indeed, I was obliged to procure a guide, to conduct me back to the hotel."

"Thank Heaven, my dear brother, your adventure ended thus safely; I shudder to think of the danger you incurred!" cried Mary.

"Yes, I think you have escaped narrowly," added her husband; "a broil with a party of hot-headed, inebriate Venetians, is no such trifling matter. I advise you to be more wary in future, nor be led by any such foolish impulse, to run after old men and pretty girls again, at least, so long as we remain in Venice."

"Thank you, Winthrop, but, to tell you the truth, I am very much disposed to pursue the adventure," replied Irving.

"Nonsense, Charles! why there is not one chance in a thousand that you will ever meet the old patrician again."

"Well, I will take even that one chance, small as it is," answered Irving. "I will haunt San Marc's by day, and the Rialto by night, and something assures me, I shall be successful."

"And something assures me that you are a very headstrong, foolish fellow!" said Mary. "I confess, what you have told me has greatly moved my sympathies for the old man and his daughter, but not enough so, my dear brother, for me to consent that you should expose yourself a second time to so much danger. Come, I must lay my commands upon you; this morning, you remember, we proposed visiting the Ducal Palace, and this afternoon, I think, the Armenian Isle."

"I will accompany you to the Palace, Mary, but this afternoon I must claim my liberty," said Irving. "At what hour do we go?"

"At eleven."

"Very well, I will be with you."

As her brother left the balcony, Mary said:

"My dear Robert, what can we do to end this romance Charles has engaged in? I am fearful something will befall him."

"You cannot stop him, Mary; he is too

headstrong for that. Let him alone, he will soon tire of his fruitless search," was the reply.

CHAPTER IV.

While this scene was taking place in the Hotel R—, a very different one, and yet nearly connected with it, was enacting in another quarter of the city.

Stretched upon a low pallet in one corner of a small stifling apartment, was the old beggar of San Marc. His eyes were closed; but, if sleeping, the contraction of his brow still denoted suffering. Kneeling by his side was Isola, tenderly bathing his temples, half-suppressed sobs heaving her gentle bosom, and the tears, in large liquid drops, resting upon her long brown eyelashes. She was very pale, and her features, lovely as they were, seemed as if sharpened by famine. Her luxuriant golden tresses, gathered in a knot upon the top of her beautifully formed head, were as a crown of virgin innocence to the fair girl, while her dress, although of the most humble material, was yet arranged with a natural ease and grace, to which no studied form of fashion could have lent a charm.

Crouching at her side was a small tame gazella, its graceful head resting upon its slender fore-feet, and its large brown eyes, with an expression of almost human affection, fixed upon the pale countenance of its young mistress.

On a little table which stood near the bed were several wax figures, moulded in the most lifelike and perfect symmetry, also clusters of fruit and flowers of the same facile material, true in form and colour to the very perfection of nature. At the head of the bed was suspended an ebony crucifix, at the foot a picture of the Virgin; nor were these last the only things which imparted an air of holiness to this meagre apartment, for old age and maiden purity were there and hallowed it. In the window stood a little vase, in which one solitary flower was blooming. It looked sickly and pining, as it were for a purer atmosphere, although so carefully and tenderly cherished by Isola. Poor Isola! it had been watered by her tears, and her sighs had fanned its opening petals.

This window, the only one, looked down upon the dark, sluggish waters of a lagune, upon the opposite bank of which was a long row of dilapidated dwellings, from which old beds and tattered garments protruded through the pointed windows, and half-naked children were paddling in the slimy waters. In strange contrast to the poverty of the apartment I have described, was the long flight of rich marble

steps, supported by heavily carved pillars leading down to the lagune from the story above, and parading themselves, as it were, directly by the window.

For some time, no sound broke the stillness of this little room. The old man remained quiet, and at length overcome with weariness, the head of Isola sank upon the couch, and sleep, like a gentle mother, enfolded her. The splash of oars, and the near rippling of the water suddenly aroused the gazella, who had remained motionless, watching the slumbers of her mistress, and appearing to understand, as if imbued with human instinct, how grateful a few moments' repose would prove to her.

Beneath the window a gondola softly glided, and mooring his light craft, the gondolier, springing quickly up the steps, gently opened the door and entered the apartment. Slight as was the noise he made, it awoke Isola.

"Blessed Virgin, I thank thee!" she exclaimed. "Ah, Guiseppe, I feared you might not come to-day—my poor father!"

"Holy Mother! what has happened, Signorina? what ails the Signore?" cried the gondolier, hastily approaching the bed and gazing anxiously upon the old man.

"Alas, Guiseppe, I fear my father is very ill! Last night in crossing the Rialto, we were met by a party of rude men, and exasperated by an insult offered to me, my father struck one of them a blow—"

"*Diavolo!* insult you Signorina! The ruffians—would they could taste my stiletto!" exclaimed Guiseppe, setting his teeth, and half drawing the weapon from his bosom.

"They attacked my father," continued Isola, "as regardless of his old age as they were reckless of the sacred feeling which dictated the blow, and Heaven knows what would have become of us, had it not been for a stranger who interfered in our behalf, and with noble generosity defended us. Ah, Guiseppe, I shudder now to think what might have been my fate, but for his timely assistance! It was fortunate, perhaps, that the arrival of the police put an end to the affray; but I could not even stop to pour out my thanks to this generous stranger, for my father drew me hastily away from the spot. It was with difficulty we reached our home, my father seemed so weak and exhausted, and then, Guiseppe, he sank into the same state in which you now see him. I fear he has received some severe internal injury. What shall I do—without money—without friends,—must I see my dear father die for want of care and proper nourishment?" exclaimed Isola, bursting into tears.

"Courage, Signorina, it may not be so bad as all that!" answered the gondolier, striving to conceal his emotion. "Thank the Virgin,

Guiseppe has a few ducats still—here they are, Signorina; now tell me what I can do for you."

"Guiseppe, you have a wife and children," answered Isola; "I cannot take what is theirs—only if you could bring hither a physician, perhaps he could help my poor father. O if he should die, Guiseppe—if he should die!"

"Don't weep, dear Signorina," said Guiseppe, wiping a tear from his own eye, "I will instantly go in search of one—I will bring a little wine, too, for the Signore—it may revive him."

"Wine! do you know, Guiseppe," cried Isola, catching his arm, "that for two days we have not tasted food?"

"Holy Mother!"

"And that driven to despair, my poor father yesterday, for my sake, begged alms in the public walks of Venice!"

"Blessed Virgin! what do I hear! and I, wretch that I am, have both eaten and drunk while my noble lord was starving!" cried Guiseppe, beating his breast.

"This morning," continued Isola, "I stole out with these little wax figures which I sat up all night to finish, hoping to sell them that I might procure a little food for my dear father when he should awake, for in the fray last night, even the little sum which charity had bestowed upon us, was lost—but no one would buy—I could not beg, Guiseppe—alas! My poor little gazella, she must not starve—take her—perhaps some one will buy her, who can take better care of her than her unfortunate mistress, but they cannot love thee more, my poor Ninette!" and Isola threw her arms around the neck of the little animal which rested its head fondly against her cheek, and with its soft tongue licked the small hand of its mistress.

"Sell Ninette! now the saints forbid!" exclaimed Guiseppe. "No, Signorina, I will take the little creature home to the children and feed her well—bless your dear heart, I would sooner sell my own little Lino? No, no, I will keep her for you until the Signore is better."

"Will he be better? tell me, tell me, Guiseppe, do you think he will live?" cried Isola catching eagerly the hope which these few last words of the gondolier inspired.

"Signorina, God is good—my honoured master may live, but—"

"Guiseppe, if my father dies, pray God to take his child also."

"Ah, who knows what a skilful physician may do for him? Courage, Signorina, I will fetch one in less than twenty minutes, and some food, too, for you, my dear young lady—sinner that I am, that have already broken my

fast and drunken my flagon of stout Falerian!"

"And the gazella, poor Ninette—will you take her with you, Guiseppe?" said Isola.

"I will return for her, Signorina." So saying, the honest gondolier hastened from the apartment, and the next moment the rapid splash of oars assured Isola that the assistance she so much desired for her father would soon be procured.

CHAPTER V.

In the mean time, our American party having visited the Ducal Palace, it was proposed by Winthrop, as there was yet time before dinner, to row across to the Lido, whose shady groves and rich greensward, offered so tempting a contrast to the stately marble domes and pavements of Venice, and Mary, hoping by that means to keep Irving with them, gladly acceded to the proposition.

It was a lovely day for such an excursion, and our friends glided luxuriously across the Giudecca, reclining on the soft velvet cushions of a gondola, whose tasteful drapery swept the silver surface of the waves, and listening to the music of the gondoliers as they sang verses from their own Tasso, to which charming melody the light rippling of the water formed a pleasing accompaniment. Beautiful as was the scene, it had but little charm for Irving. Away from those bright waters and the brighter Italian sky, his thoughts wandered to the gloomy aisles of San Marc, and the song of the gondoliers was lost in the memory of the sweet and touching tones of the beggar's daughter. Silent, therefore, he sat as the gondola kept its easy motion, more than ever regretting that he had not pursued his search, or that he had yielded up the morning to his sister.

They had nearly reached the middle of the canal, when a gondola was seen swiftly approaching, and as it neared the one in which our party were seated, the gondoliers poised their oars a moment, and exchanged a gay salute:

"Ha! Guiseppe, by the mass, thou hast an odd passenger there—where are you going with so choice a freight?" cried one.

"Choice indeed, Matheo!" replied Guiseppe; "for this pretty little gazella belongs to the loveliest Signorina in Venice!"

"Well, *buon viaggio!*" cried the first speaker, as he once more sank the oar. But Mary, attracted by the beauty of the little animal, entreated the gondoliers to stay their movements, and motioned Guiseppe to approach nearer.

"What a perfect little creature—what tender eyes! Do you remember, Charles, the little fawn we had at home when we were children? Ah, I wish this pretty gazella was mine!" she exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can buy it, Mary—will you sell the gazella, *amico*?" said Winthrop, addressing Guiseppe.

"Sell Ninette, Signore!—ah, no, not for fifty zechins—though God knows the money is needed enough, for even now the poor old Signore may be dying and my beloved Signorina is nearly starving!"

"How—what tale of distress is this—of whom are you speaking?" inquired Irving.

"Of a noble Venetian gentleman, Signore," replied the gondolier respectfully. "You are foreigners, but I can tell you there are many such in Venice now begging their bread, whose ancestors swayed the Republic!"

"*Vera, vera*—true, true, Guiseppe!" exclaimed another gondolier.

"Ah, my beautiful lady," continued Guiseppe, turning to Mary, "could you but see the *povera* Signorina, you would pity her! She knows her old father cannot much longer survive his sorrows—for the physician has just told her so—and then she will be cast friendless and alone upon the world! Ah, she is an angel, Signora! She could not see her little favourite starve, and so she bade me sell it!"

"And yet you refuse to part with it!" said Winthrop.

"*Si*, Signore. I will keep her at home as a plaything for my little ones. Better days may come to my young lady, and would not Guiseppe feel like a knave to know that he could not lead back Ninette to her young mistress!"

Irving, who had listened with deep interest to the words of the gondolier, now suddenly exclaimed:

"Where is she? Conduct me to her. If too late to save the father, something may be done to comfort the poor daughter!"

"Ah, *grazie, grazie*—thanks, thanks, Signore; may the Holy Virgin bless you for the deed!" cried Guiseppe.

"Let us all go!" said Mary, her eyes filling with tears; "poor girl, my heart aches for her! O, row quickly, my friends, let us not lose a moment."

With swift, glancing oars, the gondoliers now followed in the wake of Guiseppe, who, joyfully turning his gondola, left the Guidecca, and sped on toward the dark lagune, among whose decayed palaces dwelt in their misery the old man and his child.

As they reached the foot of the stairs, loud sobs and shrieks met their ears.

"Holy Mother! the poor Signorina—what has happened!" cried Giuseppe, as with a

bound he cleared the steps, and pushed open the door, followed closely by Irving, who, in his eagerness, had left his companions far behind.

It was all over. In the cold embrace of death the old man rested calmly. His sorrows were ended; and the heavenly smile which lingered upon his noble features, told of the joys which greeted the soul's advent to another and a brighter world.

Poor Isola!

Alone, and heart-broken, had she met the trying hour—alone had she wiped the death-dew from her father's brow—alone had she received his last sigh; and then, no longer able to restrain the utterance of that grief, which, in fear of disturbing her beloved parent she had so bravely controlled, with a shriek of despair she threw herself upon the lifeless body, and winding her arms about it, gave way to her wretchedness.

It was at this moment that Guiseppe and Irving burst in. It needed but a glance to assure the latter his presentiments were right, and that in the dead and living before him, he had found the beggar of San Marc, and his lovely daughter!

CHAPTER VI.

Six months from the date of the last scene I have described, a happy circle were seated in a balcony overlooking the waters of the glorious Hudson, heaving in the silvered brightness of a June moon; and up and down its graceful sweep, until lost within the dark shadows of the Highlands, white sails, like snowy clouds, flew before the gentle wind—the same gentle wind which, bearing upon its wings the sweet fragrance of countless blossoms, whispered to the heart of one of the party—the fair Isola—of the far distant home of her childhood, under the bright skies of Italy.

Her speaking features betrayed the momentary sadness which these tender reminiscences caused her; and Irving, with the watchful eyes of love reading the clear page, softly whispered:

"Why so sad to-night, dearest Isola? The eve of our marriage must not find a shadow upon that beloved brow; to me the very heavens seem to smile, as I think that to-morrow, dear one, will make you mine!"

"Forgive me," she replied, raising her eyes tenderly to his; "there is something in this scene which touches my soul like notes of music we have listened to in other days—I was thinking of my father, Charles. Ah! from those realms of bliss above, does he smile upon the happiness of his child! Oh, Charles, when I contrast the sad scenes which marked the last

year of my poor father's life, with these which now surround me, so replete with happiness, I seem to be the sport of some blissful dream!"

"And a dream, dear Isola, from which let it be my care no rude storm shall arouse you!" replied Irving. "In the joys of the present, let the bitter past be buried—joys which to me would have never been, but for those sorrows which first awoke my sympathy and my love! Yes, Isola, I loved you from the first moment that I saw you in your sadness, kneeling at the feet of your father, upon the pavement of San Marc, and shall ever bless the hour, when led on by an interest which I then could not explain, I found you in that moment of your

desolateness and woe, when death had left you an orphan!"

"And I, too, Charles, must bless that persevering, yet generous spirit of yours, which has given me so dear a sister!" said Mary Winthrop, embracing Isola.

"I acknowledge, Irving, that I thought you a romantic, headstrong youth," continued Winthrop; "but when I see before me the lovely prize which rewarded your zealous pursuit, I also must be thankful that this very perverseness of yours, rendered my ridicule and my advice alike powerless, and has given to our home and hearts one whom it will ever be our pride and happiness to love and cherish."

AUTUMN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

(See Engraving.)

I.

DARK on the welkin's verge the city looms,
Beneath its wreathed smoke, a daily night;
But here the hills and vales, with all their blooms,
Fronting the Sun, are bathed in mellow light;—
And lo! while Noon, its diadem ablaze,
Uplimbs the sky with cloudy banners furled,—
The Horn of Plenty trailing in his hands,
Soft muffled in the golden-skirted haze,
Benignest Autumn broods above the world,
And breathes a benediction o'er the lands!

II.

For ever changeful o'er the changeful globe,
Fantastic Masquer! who may sketch thee best?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favourite crest,
The fashion of thy many-coloured robe?
Sometimes we see thee when the dawn is young,
In fading woods the haunt of timid deer,
A curved bugle at thy baldrick hung,
And in thy hand a slender hunting spear;—
A swineherd stretched full-length upon the ground,
While o'er thy head the acorns patter fast
Down-dropping, with thy tusky boars around
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
And oft at work, where ancient granary doors
Flung open wide show all the thrashers hale,
Whitened with chaff upwafted from thy flail,
When south winds oversweep the dusty floors:
And when weary with their toil and heat,
The field hands loll away the noontide hours,
Where gusty shadows lengthen o'er the path,—
Thou sleepest amid the reapers in thy swath,
With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a wreath of oaten straw and flowers!

III.

What time, emerging from a low-hung cloud,
The shining chariot of the Sun was driven,
Slope to its goal, and Day in reverence bowed
His burning forehead at the gate of Heaven;—

I saw thy glorious presence full revealed,
Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble field;
Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,
A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;
A golden wheat sheaf, slipping slowly down,
Hugged tight against thy waist, and on thy breast
Linked to a belt, an earthen flagon swung;
And o'er thy shoulder flung,
Tied by their stems, a bundle of great pears,
Bell-shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;
A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,
Across each arm, tugged downward by the load,
Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs;
A yellow-rinded melon in thy right,
In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,
Keen as the moon which glowed
Along the fields of night:
One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,
And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

IV.

The sky is soft and beautiful to-day,
Serenely than is Summer's fiery reign;
Deepening along the woods that rim the plain,
A league beyond the city dim and gray;
Unseen, but felt, the Winds are sailing past,
Slow-veering through the trackless azure seas,
Heaven's Argonauts, with each a golden fleece
Of clouds, suspended at its winged mast!
And Earth oblivious of the Summer's bier,
Her calm great forehead bound with Autumn leaves,
Sleeps in the richness of a thousand eves,
The sunset of the Year!

V.

Come forth, ye dwellers in the sickly maze
Of overpeopled cities, one and all;
One little day at least beyond the wall,
And it will comfort ye for many days!
"Pent up in regions of laborious breath,"
But still to long-forsaken Nature dear,
Why will ye crowd in hives the live-long year,
And hoard disease and all the seeds of Death?

Can all the wealth ye rake together there
 With cunning arts, the gilded chains ye wear,
 Repay your loss of health, your passions crost,
 And nature's smiles and tears for ever lost?
 As well might water in a stagnant fen
 Repay the need of ever limpid springs;
 Decay and Age, the blessed youth of men,
 Or some poor cripple's crutch an angel's wings!
 It cannot be!—despite your years of shame,
 The old allegiance binds ye as before;
 And all within ye feeds the sacred flame,
 And bids the soul adore
 The world's divinity around us evermore!

VI.

Hark! hark!—the merry reapers in a row,
 Shouting their harvest carols blithe and loud,
 Cutting the rustled maze whose crests are bowed
 With ears o'ertasselled, soon to be laid low;
 Crooked earthward now, the orchards droop their boughs
 With red-cheeked fruits, while far along the wall
 Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall
 In tufted grass where laughing lads carouse;—
 And down the pastures, where the horse goes round
 His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,
 Old cider-presses work with creaky din,
 Oozing in vats, and apples heap the ground;
 And hour by hour, a basket on his head,
 Up-clambering to the spout,
 The ploughman pours them in!

VII.

Sweet-scented winds from meadows freshly mown,
 Blow eastward now, and now for many a day,

The fields will be alive with teams of hay,
 And stacks, not all unmeet for Autumn's throne!
 The granges will be crowded, and the men
 Half-smothered, as they tread it from the top;
 And then the teams will go and come again,
 And go and come until they end the crop.
 And where the melons stud the garden vine,
 Crook-necked or globy, smaller carts will wait,
 Soon to be urged o'erloaded to the gate
 Where apples drying on the stages shine;
 And children soon will go at eve and morn,
 And set their snares for quails with baits of corn;
 And when the house-dog snuffs a distant hare,
 O'errun the gorgeous woods with noisy glee;
 And when the hazels ripen, climb a tree,
 And shake the branches bare!
 And by and by, when northern winds are out,
 Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at night,
 While chairs draw round, and pleasant tales are told:
 And nuts and apples will be passed about,
 Until the household drowsy with delight,
 Creep off to bed a-cold!

VIII.

Sovereign of Seasons! Monarch of the Earth!
 Steward of bounteous Nature, whose rich alms
 Are showered upon us from thy liberal palms
 Until our spirits overflow with mirth!
 Divinest Autumn! while our garners burst
 With plenteous harvesting, on heaped increase,
 We lift our eyes to thee through grateful tears.
 World—world in boons,—vouchsafe to visit first,
 And linger last along our realm of Peace,
 Where Freedom calmly sits
 And beckons on the years!

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

I.

UNCLOUDED by shadow,
 The sun shines from heaven,
 O'er hill-top and meadow
 From morning till even;
 The cornblades are springing,
 The bright streams are rushing,
 The young birds are singing,
 Spring flowers are in flushing,
 The moonlight and sunlight
 Their bright beauties proving,
 Seem now but as one light
 To young hearts and loving.

II.

Up, up from your pillow,
 Of weak hearts thou weakest,
 And find by the billow
 The health that thou seekest!
 There wander a rover,
 And thy cheek of whiteness
 Ere long will recover
 Lost freshness and brightness;
 Thy mien will be airy,
 The mother that bore thee
 Will wonder what fairy
 Her bright wand waved o'er thee.

III.

Away, and view nature
 While yet she discloses
 Her face, with each feature
 Bedecked with bright roses—
 Old Earth is a Maying,
 She does it so seldom,
 'Twere a pity to stay in
 And flout the poor beldam;
 Her green garb arrayed in,
 She panteth with pleasure—
 Up, young man and maiden,
 Tread with her a measure.

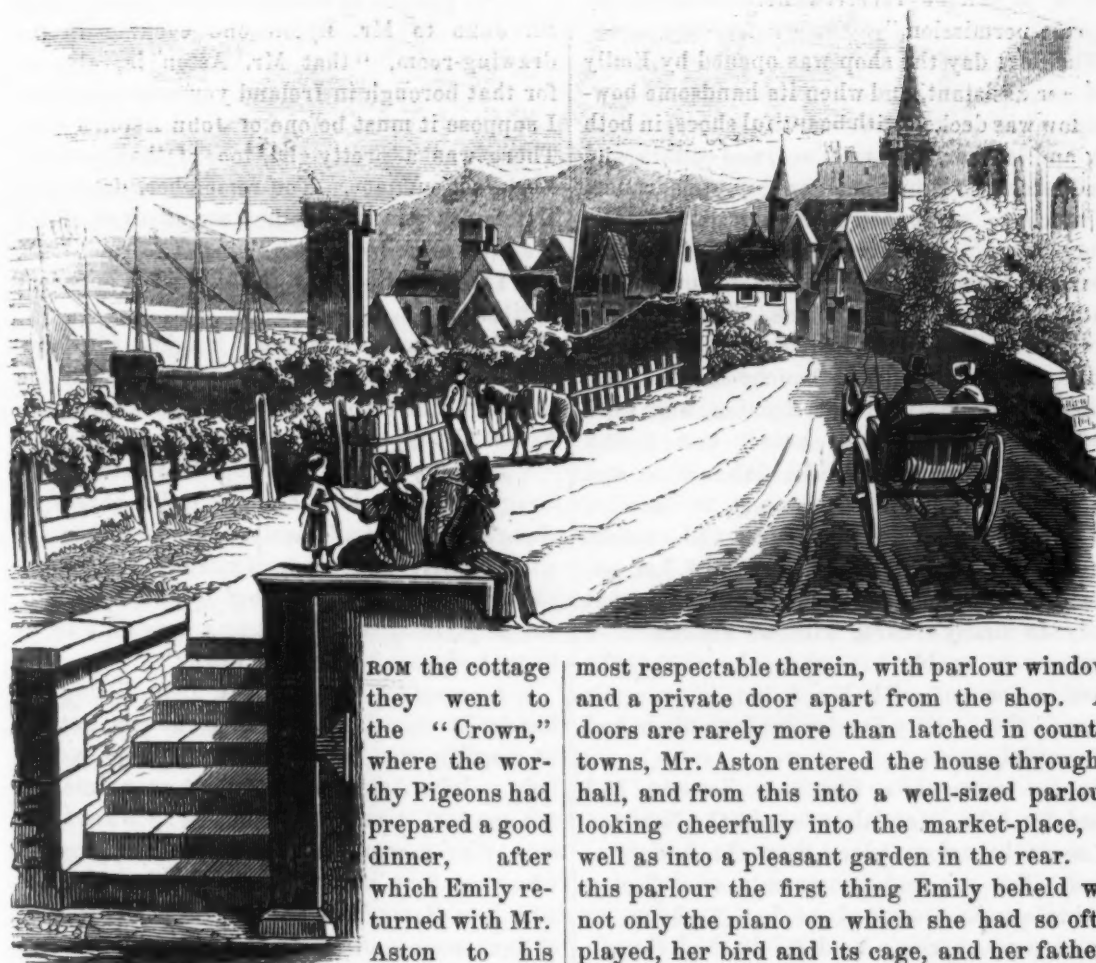
IV.

Out, out ere the hoary,
 Cold winter birds perish,
 The greenness and glory
 Of all we most cherish;
 Out, out all together
 With laughter clear sounding,
 Away o'er the heather
 With light step run bounding;
 Let care and let sadness
 Be from your hearts driven—
 There's joy and there's gladness
 For ever in heaven!

TRADE AND GENTILITY.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Concluded from page 149.)



FROM the cottage they went to the "Crown," where the worthy Pigeons had prepared a good dinner, after which Emily returned with Mr. Aston to his country-seat. During the next fortnight Emily took lessons in arithmetic and bookkeeping from Elizabeth Aston, who proved the gentlest of friends, whilst good Mrs. Aston added many comforts to Emily's stripped and narrow wardrobe. Besides the more formal lessons thus received, Emily learnt much else, through this fortnight, and nothing more important to her than that one which taught her the value of well-spent time; and when, on a bright autumn morning, she set out with Mrs. Aston for her new home, never had her face looked so pretty or so gay with smiles.

Soon after nightfall they arrived at a pleasant sea-port town. The country inland was beautifully picturesque, and the fine sweep of the Irish Sea washed the broad sands with its leaping waves. Mr. Aston was there at an inn to receive them, and after supper led the way to a house in the market-place, which Emily was much surprised to find not the mean and shabby place she expected, but the largest and

most respectable therein, with parlour windows and a private door apart from the shop. As doors are rarely more than latched in country towns, Mr. Aston entered the house through a hall, and from this into a well-sized parlour, looking cheerfully into the market-place, as well as into a pleasant garden in the rear. In this parlour the first thing Emily beheld was not only the piano on which she had so often played, her bird and its cage, and her father's portrait, but many other of the inanimate things which had been amongst those of her childish home. All this delight was crowned by the sight of an accustomed face,—that of the poor slatternly servant of all work, hardly to be called slatternly now, for she had been paid her wages, and now received her young and favourite mistress in the luxury of a new gown, and the prettiest and smartest of caps.

"The truest way in which you can show me your appreciation," said Mr. Aston, in reply to Emily's expression of gratitude, "will be by a steady and faithful attention to my interests. On the contrary, the smallest dereliction from modesty or self-respect, or any neglect of the duties intrusted to you, will be unpardoned, as there will be no excuse for either. But if, through steady attention to the business after the assistant leaves you, I find its profits to increase, I will provide you with a shopwoman, whose duty it will be to assist you, and thus give you sufficient leisure

for recreation and self-improvement. We shall often visit you, and take a continual interest in your health and welfare; and as, at Mrs. Aston's suggestion, I have added fancy jewelry, perfumery, with the richer kinds of lace and muslin work to the chief stock of ladies' shoes, the profit of such addition I shall make wholly yours. With respect to your family, no member of it can be received here without my express permission."

The next day the shop was opened by Emily and her assistant, and when its handsome bow-window was decked with beautiful shoes, in both silk and leather, with rich lace, and collars, and handkerchiefs, it had really a gay appearance, so much so as to attract many purchasers. After remaining another day, Mr. and Mrs. Aston returned home, leaving Emily to prove the truth of her earnest promises. The business survived its first attraction; for ladies of rank and fortune in the neighbourhood, who had hitherto been provided from London, were glad to find goods as choice nearer home; and Emily's modest and ladylike demeanour, and anxiety to oblige, induced many to become, not merely purchasers, but warm and earnest friends. At the close of a fortnight her assistant left her, leaving the entire management solely to Emily's care, with so successful a result as to enable her, when she closed her month's account with Mr. Aston, to transmit through the bank a far larger sum than had been anticipated.

In the meanwhile Charlotte Severne had found Sir John Edendale's seat in the North, a far more luxurious place than she had imagined. For she had apartments, as well as a waiting-woman assigned to her, a horse to ride, a pony carriage to drive in, and though Lady Edendale was haughty and exacting, both Sir John and his daughters were mild and courteous. The house was often thronged with visitors, and amongst them was occasionally a gentleman named Eyton, who, being very wealthy, and possessed of a fine landed estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Edendale Park, Charlotte thought the worthiest of her attention. Her views she considered were the more likely to prove successful, from the circumstance of his being a very old friend of the Edendales, often coming and remaining whole days at the Hall, and riding, walking, and passing the evening with Sir John's daughters, with the social kindness and familiarity of a brother. Charlotte being constantly with her cousins, could not escape sharing the brotherly attentions Mr. Eyton paid them, but instead of receiving such in the spirit her cousins received them, she was pretty soon vain enough to think that her superior charms, her smiles, and satin dresses had made conquest of a very

fair heart, and (what was of most consequence) a heavy purse. Anxious to secure this prize, if possible, she resolved it should not be lost through the deficiencies of her wardrobe, so orders were given to Lady Edendale's tradesmen in the neighbouring town for new dresses, shawls, and ribbons of the most costly description.

"Did you see in this morning's paper," said Sir John to Mr. Eyton one evening in the drawing-room, "that Mr. Aston is returned for that borough in Ireland you once tried for? I suppose it must be one of John Aston's sons. There was a pretty girl, too, of that name in York last summer. You remember, don't you, Eyton, for you are rather an admirer of the Warwickshire ladies."

"Yes," replied Mr. Eyton, with apparent hesitation.

"Don't blush so, Eyton," laughed Sir John. "And now, Miss Severne, as you are one of the ladies of this favourite county, you know the Astons, I suppose?"

"By mere report," replied Charlotte with a haughty sneer, whilst her whole thoughts were absorbed by Eyton's hesitation, "for they are a low family. Indeed, such mere money-getting *parvenus* as to be quite out of the bounds of our acquaintance, for mamma wouldn't let us know a shoemaker for the world."

"A *parvenu*!" laughed Sir John, lifting his hands in surprise; "your mamma's notions of gentility rise far higher than mine, young lady. John Aston not fit for an acquaintance, not genteel, a mere *parvenu*, eh! What! the man who recognises poverty and oppression wherever they may be—who builds schools—who is a Samaritan amidst the moral leprosy of ignorance and crime—who has done more to raise the social and intellectual condition of his native town than any other man—not genteel? Perhaps not, according to such cant as convention preaches. If this be your class of opinions, what sort of distinction do you draw between him and his friend Bright, whom I heard, not long ago, you are to marry?"

"Marry! I marry Mr. Bright! I should refuse any man of such vulgar pretensions. I marry a *button-maker*!—I should not do such injustice to my family, Sir John."

"Well," pointedly laughed Sir John, "if he ever does *me* the 'injustice,' as you call it, to offer for one of *my* daughters, she will not say 'nay' by my consent."

"Oh! Sir John, trade is so ungenteel!"

"We differ, young lady. When we talk of an honourable man, we talk of one in every sense a gentleman. It will be prudent for you, I think, Miss Severne, to modify your views, for it unfortunately happens that we are not all so quick as the shepherd in La Fontaine, in

our discovery of real character; and the profession of mere gentility is often no more than the sheepskin to the wolf."

Charlotte's conscience told her this was indeed too true; whilst this unexpected testimony to the worth of the man she had so heartlessly and so insultingly rejected, made the rebuke the keener and more forcible.

Through the weeks which thus passed by in a round of luxury and pleasure, Charlotte heard once from Emily, but no sooner had she read about the shop, than the letter found a contemptuous resting-place in the fire, as did the more frequent ones from her mother, filled with doleful accounts of "John's poverty," and "John's wife," and "John's want of practice," and "dear Montague's disappointment at his uncle's death, and consequent enlistment as a common soldier in the Spanish legion," and "Emily's ungentility and ingratitude," and "that Aston's selfishness in robbing her of her furniture."

As this was the grand anniversary of the great musical festival at York, the Edendales made preparations to attend its celebration. On the evening before their departure from their seat for the county town, some of Sir John's neighbouring friends met at his dinner-table. As Charlotte was passing from the dining-room with the other ladies, she overheard the name of Eyton, and curious to know what was said, for Mr. Eyton had been in York some weeks, she lingered for the instant to listen.

"Yes," said one of Sir John's friends, "Eyton is going to be married at last."

"To whom?" asked another.

"Do you not know? Why to the pretty girl from Birmingham. The whole surprise will come at York, for a house is already taken, and other preparations made."

Charlotte could hear no more. Yet it was enough. "Certainly Mr. Eyton had made no proposal *yet*," she thought, "but he has been very attentive; and some men hang back so, that the proposal and the marriage may be both in one week."

The more she viewed the case in this light, the more she was confirmed in her belief; and she at once made the resolution not to appear at the festival in her often-seen satin, but in new dresses that should win Mr. Eyton's heart, if dresses could. Acting upon this resolve, she ordered the carriage, on some pretext or another, on the very evening of her arrival in the town, and drove to the house of the most aristocratic and fashionable milliner. As the "niece" of Sir John Edendale, and with her address at a first rate hotel, of course her orders of blond, and crape, and flowers, of a ball dress, and a morning dress, and a

concert dress, were thankfully attended to; and the latter dress promised for the next day early, as the Edendales and herself had received cards to dine with Mr. Eyton, and afterwards accompany him to the evening concert.

Just as Charlotte was stepping from the milliner's door into the carriage, she perceived a tall gentleman with mustaches, and in a military undress, regarding her attentively. She found he followed the carriage, so pulling the check-string, she ordered it to stop before a perfumer's door, where she alighted and entered. The gentleman entered too.

"Who is that gentleman?" she asked the shopman in a gentle whisper.

"Colonel Frederick Mortimer, ma'am, who is staying at a hotel in this very street. He is a very great gentleman, I believe, for the waiter spoke exceedingly in his favour, when he came in to order a large quantity of perfume for the Colonel this morning."

"Well, here is another chance," thought Charlotte, "and a rich colonel too! Can anything be so fortunate, particularly as his admiration is unmistakeable?"

Dressed in the most costly white satin and blond, Charlotte repaired with the Edendales to Mr. Eyton's house. He received them so cordially, as to give new birth to Charlotte's hopes, and as he handed her up stairs she seemed to feel his weighty purse within her hand. As they entered the drawing-room, a group of ladies was gathered near the window: to this he led Charlotte and Lady Edendale.

"My dear Lady Edendale," he said, when they had come near enough, "let me hope you will call this lady friend: Miss Severne, let me introduce you to this same lady as *my wife*, Mrs. Eyton, a week ago Miss Elizabeth Aston, whom I dare say you, Miss Severne, only know by name, as her father is unhappily '*a tradesman, a parvenu, and ungentle*.'"

There was so much meant in these words, and they so fully conveyed the reproof desired, as to make Charlotte in an instant pale with anger; but conquering it by one of those efforts which the proud can alone make, she, as a set-off, warmly congratulated the bride, though it was with a quivering lip, and with a faltering tongue, which revealed more than words. Her very heart felt sick, but there was now no receding; on she must now proceed, to hide worse sins than insolence or pride.

There at the concert, as she hoped, was her admirer. As it was now necessary to make a bold stroke for a *rich* husband, she received, though against ordinary custom, the courtesy of an opera glass, a book of the performance, and with great affability a better seat; and

even contrived to listen to compliments, whilst Lady Edendale's attention was directed elsewhere.

When a woman is so inclined, mere acquaintanceship soon ripens into intimacy, particularly as Miss Severne now considered bold measures necessary. But it is not for me, to set down the progress of this clandestine acquaintanceship, beyond saying that before two days had elapsed, the "Colonel" had personally convinced Charlotte, both by letter and in conversation, that he was "a great man."

The festival ended as usual with a ball. As Charlotte was dressing for it in the most recherché of her "credit" dresses, her maid ushered into the dressing-room a woman enveloped in a cloak. "She would come in, Miss," whispered the maid, and Charlotte, turning round, was aghast on beholding her mother.

"Oh, only an old servant of ours, Turner, and will you please step into Miss Lucy's dressing-room and ask for the eau de Cologne."

"What did *you* come here for?" she asked her mother fiercely, the moment they were alone; "you'll ruin everything, I declare you will."

"Oh Charlotte, Charlotte! how cruel you are; I had no resource but you. John hasn't bread for his children, and I had to part with my watch in order to come this long journey. Do tell Lucy Edendale I'm here."

"No. Good heavens! a woman like *you* would ruin everything. What shall I do. My very existence depends upon you and your poverty not being known. Go, go you must."

"I can't, I won't. Lady Edendale is *my* relation."

"I tell you what, you must go for to-night," whispered Charlotte, pale and choked with suppressed rage, and pushing her mother towards the door, "I'm in debt, dreadfully in debt. I've no resource but *one*. Go, and come in the morning at twelve to the — Hotel. *You* shall then share *my* triumph."

"Where am I to lodge? where get a meal?"

"You've your cloak on."

"What then?"

"Pawn it—go." And as she said so, this Goneril drove her mother from the room down stairs, and (half undressed as she was) watched till she was safe through the street door; for to Charlotte no disgrace was so dreadful as the exposure of her poverty. With difficulty she concealed her agitation from the waiting-woman; though the glitter of satin and the flow of glossy ringlets were not such a disguise to the acute eye of Lady Edendale.

"Your dress is very becoming, Charlotte, but how dreadfully pale you are. Are you not well?"

"Quite, thank you. But an old nurse of

poor papa's called as I was dressing, and the circumstance, after his recent loss, agitated me; I have promised, however, to go and see her in the morning."

Lady Edendale believed the lie, and the ball passed off pleasantly enough. But next morning, as Sir John and his wife were sitting over a rather late breakfast, a gentleman, after sending up his name, was ushered into their private room by their own servant. In a few minutes after the bell was rung, and inquiry made for Miss Severne. "She had gone out," was the reply, "at an early hour that morning. They did not know where, as Miss Charlotte had already been inquired after by Mrs. —, the milliner, who was desirous of having her bill settled before the lady left York."

"What bill?" asked Sir John.

"One of fifty-nine pounds, which Miss Severne has contracted during this week."

Most anxiously did Sir John and Lady Edendale consent to follow the stranger to the fashionable hotel of a neighbouring street, where, in the hall, waited two men, who immediately followed the little party up stairs. A woman dressed in faded mourning had been admitted into the room a few minutes before them; and as they entered at once, and without knocking, the first thing they beheld was Charlotte attired in her most elegant morning dress, in the act of introducing the first-come stranger to a gentleman seated at his breakfast, and with triumph—proud triumph written in her face.

"Charlotte, Charlotte Severne!" exclaimed the gentleman who accompanied Sir John and Lady Edendale, as he hurried forwards and grasped both her hands, "in God's name, what are you doing here?"

"My duty, sir," replied the lady not looking at the stranger, but only lovingly towards the seated gentleman; "*for this is my husband*, Colonel Frederick Mortimer. We have been married this morning by special license."

"Then God protect you, unhappy girl," exclaimed the stranger, "for you are the wife of no colonel, but of a scoundrel, TIMOTHY JONES, junior clerk to the Bright you wilfully refused. Look at me—I have come across the country with these two officers, to arrest him for embezzlement—and he is your husband!"

The plebeian name of Jones, and the fact of his clerkship, were worse charges than that the man was a scoundrel, and a more overwhelming blow than all else besides; and Charlotte fell insensible at Sir John's feet. And now that the tables were turned, the worthy mother made the sins of her unhappy daughter more black, if possible, by entering into an explanation of Charlotte's conduct on the previous night; but Sir John stayed her declamation by

one short sentence: "Cease to accuse, madam; as mothers teach, daughters usually act."

When she had somewhat recovered, Charlotte had a long interview with Sir John and Mr. Bright. In spite, however, of their united entreaties, she resolved to accompany Jones to Paris, whither they had already made arrangements to go, rather possibly to hide her disgrace, than for any love for the *ci-devant* Colonel. As she thus determined, Mr. Bright, as a matter of course, gave up all further thoughts of prosecution, for to have once loved Charlotte, was with him still to be her friend. To prove himself so, he made Sir John Edendale be the bearer of a handsome sum for her journey and maintenance, and wept as he did so, to think that evil counsel, and the entire want of all moral education had thus marred the fate of her he had so tenderly loved. Jones and Charlotte stole out of York that night in disguise, leaving Mrs. Severne and the debts to Sir John, and the story to be hushed up as well as it could be, by the justly indignant Lady Edendale.

The Astons were little surprised by this *dénoûment*, as it had been for some time known in the town that Jones was an ardent admirer of Charlotte Severne. In all probability this admiration, useless and hopeless in his real name and character, had suggested both delinquencies, of false name as well as fraud. By Emily, the disgrace was keenly felt; and it was only the engrossing cares of her rapidly increasing business which dissipated the sorrow of her sisterly affection. By the ensuing spring, the business fully employed three shopwomen beside herself; and Mr. Aston was so pleased by her never-failing diligence and attention, that he made arrangements to share with her the entire profits, which were considerable. Nor in this alone was his thoughtful consideration seen, for finding, by some accounts which reached him, that John Severne was starting in what his mother had called "genteel practice," that is, one which brought no profit, he suggested to him, through the agency of Emily, that if he were not too proud to acknowledge a sister in trade, this rising sea-port town, in which Emily had prospered so well, offered a fine opening for a surgeon's practice. As poverty had, by this time, taught some useful lessons to more than one of Mrs. Severne's children, the suggestion was thankfully acted upon; and some months after, Emily had the happiness of a brother near, as well as the ability of gradually introducing him to the employment of some of her best customers.

In spite of her increasing business, Emily during the next four years occasionally visited the Astons for a week; whilst one or other of the sisters passed the summer months with her.

And Emily could treat them hospitably from her own purse, for by this time she had saved money,—thus having means to show she loved and revered, as they deserved to be, the noble children of her noble friend; and thus, in so doing, to be enabled to touch the quickest chord in the noble heart of Mr. Aston.

During the fifth summer, Emily went to stay a month with the Astons, for another circumstance, which Mr. Aston had long foreseen, was on the eve of bringing Emily's service a bright reward. One evening he led her into the garden, and when they had walked a while, he said.

"So it is true, Emily, is it, that you want to call me a relation?" But Emily, though blushing, looked down and made no answer.

"Well," he continued presently, "Richard and I settled it all this morning; and I am very happy, as is also Mrs. Aston, for Richard could choose no one for a wife, that we should so worthily love and cherish as yourself. We'll not delay the wedding long on account of what I have to tell you. My inquiries respecting your sister Charlotte had an answer this morning. Led by a paragraph in the newspapers some weeks ago, my Hamburgh agent traced a gambler named Jones to a café in Rouen, and found the report of his being shot in a brawl substantially true. From thence, he traced your sister to Paris, where, burdened with two children, she has been living for the past year, earning a scanty livelihood as a painter on velvet, for Jones, it appears, had deserted her for more than two years before his death. Now, as this unfortunate marriage is at length broken, I think your sister might undertake the business, and even if only half as diligent as you have been, she may earn an affluent subsistence for herself and children, as well as provide a home for poor Montague, who, since he was crippled in Egypt, in that attack under the Duc de Nemours, has been but a wreck, that cannot, I fear, last many years. At all events, he will be happier away from your mother, whose 'gentility' is a bar to any happiness for herself or others. Besides, with the seventy pounds a year you and John so kindly allow her, she can live in what fashion she pleases; for I protest now, as I always have done, against any residence or visit here or in Wales; not that she could refashion you, my Emily, but John has children to save from the sins of a second education like your own; and poor Charlotte must be kept apart from all old influences."

These things, thus wisely counselled, were as wisely acted. Charlotte, a mere shadow of her former self, was received by a loving sister, if not into a home wholly of her own creation, at least into one benefited by her honest

service. The tangible, the real, the just, the true, were seen for what they are by the widowed wife and mother; the false, the conventional, the mean, to be the unsubstantial shadows which mock real life, by a semblance of truth; and now, subdued and penitent, as the Magdalene of old, one who had once so scorned these things, could estimate the new home opened to her, the honest bread her children eat, and recognise that through labour we best adore HIM by whom it has been ordained.

Two months after Charlotte's initiation into "trade," she and poor subdued and crippled Montague, John Severne and his wife, Mrs. Hartland and the doctor, and too many other sons and daughters to set down, not forgetting the worthy Pigeons, who had arrived in the Crown chaise with neighbour Bond, assembled in honour of Emily's wedding. Never had Mr. Aston received a happier party beneath his roof-tree, never had a prettier, happier hearted, purer bride come forth from the old village church, never a fonder, worthier husband than the proud and happy Richard.

"And now, dear daughter," said Mr. Aston, as he drew aside the bride's rich veil, and led

her to a seat beside her husband, "do you regret that honest TRADE has triumphed over false GENTILITY?"

"Not once, sir," said Emily with tearful earnestness; "for is not here *my* Richard, is not here *my* family?"

"For life, then, let us all believe," said Mr. Aston, "that *that only is gentility which is truth, and grace, and beauty, and perfection arising from the fruit of honest, righteous labour.*"

"By your leave then, sir," spoke worthy Bond, rising with the air of a toastmaster, "with your leave I and old Mrs. Pigeon will take a glass of sherry together, not only to wish health to the new-married couple, but also prosperity to that railway, sir, which has not only given another chaise and four horses to the Crown, but enabled me to have a shop-front of real plate glass, two extra assistants, and to place a snug little sum in our county bank."

"With all my heart, Bond, for I prophesied as much; so prosperity to honest trade and to railways all round the world."

Hampstead, near London, England.

A LOOK-OUT,

FROM THE HEAD OF "ROARING BROOK," CHESHIRE, CONN.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

I.

MAKE we this hoary rock our stand,
While sinks the summer evening's glow;
How vast the skies above expand,
And earth, how deeply stooped below!
This place to heaven, indeed, is near,
And we would utter to the air
A feeling near akin to prayer,
And build a tabernacle here.

II.

Behold the tombs of Ages gone,
That all in strong convulsion died;
Dials of time-enduring stone,
That grandly day and night divide.
And see the children of the sun
Above the valley sail and soar,
A thousand acres browning o'er,
And passing slowly, one by one.

III.

And level off, so high in air,
Swings the gray hawk in dizzy round;
And through the forests, everywhere,
Creeps up the wind with lulling sound;
And from the gorge of ruined rocks,
Come swelling with a fitful call,
The voices of the waterfall,
That plays among the fallen blocks.

IV.

Above us is the void of heaven,
Save by the trooping clouds untrod;
Before us, to our eye is given
The teeming valley's checkered sod;

Beneath, a steep all wild and stark,
With trees that topple from its face,
Of thunder-storms the battle place,
And branded with the lightning's mark.

V.

But turn, and on the mountain's crest,
A little glen the rocks enclose,
Of trees and flowers—the very nest
Of quiet and retired repose;
And through it flows the mountain stream,
And firs and maples shade it round,
And airs, with soft Æolian sound,
Come like the music of a dream.

VI.

Oh! if a wish the heart engage,
In such an hour and place as this,
It were to build a hermitage
Within this airy bower of bliss;
From the wild world beneath to steal,
And seek, with constant longing here,
Communion with that heavenly sphere,
That God in Nature doth reveal.

VII.

It may not be—the earth we tread,
So grand and gay with rocks and flowers,
So solemn with its buried dead,
Cathedral-like, unfolds its towers,
Where we, in hours of joy or pain,
Should seek awhile, with reverent eye,
Him who upbuilds Eternity,
Then forth, and to our work again.

THE BALLAD OF RICHARD BURNELL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

FROM his bed rose Richard Burnell
At the early dawn of day,
Ere the bells of London city
Welcomed in the morn of May.

Early on that bright May morning
Rose the young man from his bed,
He, the happiest man in London,
And unto himself he said:—

“When the men and maids are dancing,
And the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple’s shady gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!”

“Thus my Alice spake last even,
Thus with trembling lips she spake,
And those blissful words have kept me
Through the live-long night awake.

“’Tis a joy beyond expression,
When we first in truth perceive,
That the love we long have cherished
Will not our fond hearts deceive.

“Never dared I to confess it,
Deeds of homage spoke instead;
True love is its own revealer,
She must know it,—oft I said.

“All my words and all my actions
But one meaning could impart;
Love can love’s least sign interpret,
And she reads my inmost heart.

“And her good old merchant father,—
Father he has been to me—
Saw the love growing up between us,
Saw, and was well pleased to see!

“Seven years I served him truly;
Now my time is at an end,—
Master is he now no longer,
Father will be—has been friend!

“I was left betimes an orphan,
Heir unto great merchant wealth,
But the iron rule of kinsfolk
Dimmed my youth and sapped my health.

“Death had been my only portion,
Had not my good guardian come,
He, the father of my Alice,
And conveyed me to his home.

“Here began a new existence—
Then how new the love of friends!
And for all the child’s afflictions
Each one strove to make amends.

“Late my spring-time came, but quickly
Youth’s rejoicing currents run,
And my inner life unfolded
Like a flower before the sun.

“Hopes and aims and aspirations
Grew within the growing boy;
Life had new interpretation,
Manhood brought increase of joy.

“In and over all was Alice,
Life-infusing, like the Spring;
My soul’s soul! Even joy without her
Was a poor and barren thing!

“And she spake last eve at parting,
‘When the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple’s pleasant gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!’

“As she spake her sweet voice trembled—
Love such tender tones can teach!—
And those words have kept me waking,
And the manner of her speech!

“For such manner has deep meaning!”
Said young Burnell, blithe and gay,
And the bells of London city
Pealed a welcome to the May.

Whilst the folk were mad with pleasure,
’Neath the elm-trees’ vernal shade,
In the Temple’s quiet gardens
Walked the young man and the maid.

On his arm her hand was resting,
And her eyes were on the ground,
She was speaking, he was silent,
Not a word his tongue had found.

“Friend beloved!” she thus addressed him,
“I have faith and hope in thee!
Thou canst do what no one else can,
Thou canst be a friend to me!

“Richard, we have lived together
All these years of happy youth;
Have, as sister and as brother,
Lived in confidence and truth.

“Thou from me hast hid no feelings;
Thy whole heart to me is known;—
I—I only have kept from thee
One dear little thought alone!

“Have I wronged thee in so doing?
Then forgive me! but give ear,
’Tis to bare my heart before thee
That I now am with thee here.

“Well thou knowest my father loves thee,
’Tis his wish that we should wed—
I shame not to speak thus frankly—
Wish or will, more justly said.

“But this cannot be, my brother,
Cannot be!—’twere Nature’s wrong;
I have said so to my father,—
But thou knowest his will is strong.”

Not a word spake Richard Burnell;
Not a word came to his lips,
Like one tranced he stood and heard her,
Life to him was in eclipse.

In a lower tone she murmured,
Murmured like a brooding dove,
“Know thou, Leonard Woodvil loves me,
And—that he has won my love.”

Came a pause. The words she uttered
Seemed to turn him into stone,
Pale he stood and mute beside her,
And with blushes she went on.

"This is known unto my father;—
Leonard is well known to thee,
Thou hast praised him—praised him often—
Oh how dear such praise to me!

"But my father, stern and steadfast,
Will not list to Leonard's prayer,
And 'tis only thou canst move him,
Only thou so much canst dare.

"Tell my father boldly, firmly,
That we only love each other,—
'Tis the truth—thou know'st it, Richard—
As a sister and a brother.

"Tell my father, if we wedded,
Thou and I, it would be guilt;
Thus, 'tis thus that thou canst aid us,—
And thou wilt!—I know thou wilt!

"Yes, 'tis thus that thou must aid us,
And thou wilt! I say no more!
We've been friends, but this will make us
Better friends than heretofore!"

Yet some moments he was silent,
His good heart was well-nigh broke;
She was blinded to his anguish;—
And, "I will!" at length he spoke.

They were wedded! 'Twas a wedding
That had far and nigh renown;
And from morning until even,
Rang the bells of London town.

Time went on. The good old merchant
Wore a cloud upon his brow;

"Wherefore this?" his friends addressed him,
"No man should be blithe as thou!"

"In my old age I am lonely,"
Said the merchant, "she has gone;—
And young Burnell, he I nurtured,
He who was to me a son,

"He has left me! I'm deserted;
Even an old man feels such woe!
'Twas but natural *she* should marry,
But *he* should not have served me so.

"'Twas not what I e'er expected!
He was very dear to me,
And I thought no London merchant
Would have stood as high as he!

"He grew very strange and moody,
What the cause I cannot say;
And he left me when my daughter,
My poor Alice went away!

"This I felt a sore unkindness;
Youth thinks little, feels still less!
Burnell should have stayed beside me,
Stayed to cheer my loneliness!

"I had been a father to him,
He to me was like a son;
Young folk should have more reflection,
'Tis what *I* could not have done!

"True he writes me duteous letters,
Calls me father, tells me all

That in foreign parts is doing;
But young people write so small,

"That I'm often forced to leave them,
Pleasant letters though they be,
Until Alice comes from Richmond,
Then she reads them out to me.

"Alice fain would have me with her;
Leonard well deserves my praise—
But he's not my Richard Burnell,
Knows not my old wants and ways!

"No, my friends, I don't deny it,
It has cut me to the heart,
That the son of my adoption
Thus has played a cruel part!"

So the merchant mourned and murmured;
And all foreign charms unheeding,
Dwelt the lonely Richard Burnell,
With his bruised heart still bleeding.

Time went on, and in the springtide,
When the birds began to build,
And the heart of all creation
With a large delight was filled,

Came a letter unto Alice—
Then a babe lay on her breast—
'Twas the first which Richard Burnell
Unto Alice had addressed.

Few the words which it contained,
But each word was like a sigh,
"I am sick and very lonely;
Let me see thee ere I die!

"In this time of tribulation
Thou wilt be a friend to me;
Therefore in the Temple Gardens,
Let me once more speak with thee."

Once more in the Temple Gardens,
Sate they neath the bright blue sky,
With the leafage thick around them,
And the river rolling by.

Pale and weak was Richard Burnell,
Gone all merely outward grace,
But the stamp of meek endurance
Gave sad beauty to his face.

Silent by his side sate Alice,
Now no word her tongue could speak,
All her soul was steeped in pity,
And large tears were on her cheek.

Richard spake: "Within these gardens
Thy commands on me were laid,
And although my heart was bleeding,
Yet were those commands obeyed.

"What I suffered no one knoweth,
Nor shall know! I proudly said,
And when grew this grief too heavy,
Then—there was no help—I fled.

"Yes, I loved thee, long had loved thee,
And alone the God above,
He, who through that time sustained me,
Knows the measure of that love.

"Do not let these words displease thee,
Life's sore battle soon will cease;
I have fallen amid the conflict,
But within my soul is peace.

"It has been a fiery trial,
But the fiercest pang is past;
Once more I am come amongst you,
Oh, stand by me at the last!

"Leonard will at times come to me,
And thy father—I will try
To be cheerful in his presence,
As I was in days gone by.

"Bitter had it been to leave him,
But amid my heart's distress,
The great anguish which consumed me
Seemed to swallow up the less.

"Let me go! my soul is wearied,
No fond heart of me has need,
Life has no more duties for me,
I am but a broken reed!

"Let me go, ere courage faileth,
Gazing, gazing thus on thee!
But in life's last awful moments,
Alice!—thou wilt be with me!"

From her seat rose Alice Woodvil,
And in steadfast tones began,
Like a strong, yet mourning angel,
To address the dying man.

"Not in death alone, my brother,
Would I aid thee in the strife,
I would fain be thy sustainer
In the fiercer fight of life.

"With the help of God thy spirit
Shall not sink an easy prey;
Oh, my friend, prayer is a weapon
Which can turn whole hosts away!

"God will aid thee! We will hold thee
By our love; thou shalt not go!
And from out thy wounded spirit
We will pluck the thorns of wo.

"Say not life has no more duties
Which can claim thee! where are then
All the sinners, the neglected,
All the weeping sons of men?

"Ah, my friend, hast thou forgotten
All our dreams of early days—

How we would instruct poor children,
How we would the fallen raise?

"God has not to me permitted
Such great work of human love,
He has marked me out a lower
Path of duty where to move.

"But to thee, his chosen servant,
Is this higher lot allowed;
He has brought thee through deep waters,
Through the furnace, through the cloud.

"He has made of thee a mourner,
Like the Christ, that thou may'st rise
To a purer height of glory,
Through the pangs of sacrifice.

"Tis alone of his appointing
That thy feet on thorns have trod;
Suffering, woe, renunciation,
Only bring us nearer God.

"And when nearest Him, then largest
The enfranchised heart's embrace;
It was Christ, the man rejected,
Who redeemed the human race.

"Say not then thou hast no duties,
Friendless outcasts on thee call,
And the sick, and the afflicted,
And the children more than all!

"Oh, my friend, rise up and follow,
Where the hand of God shall lead,
It has brought thee through affliction,
But to fit thee for his need!"

Thus she spake, and as from midnight
Springs the opal-tinted morn,
So within his dreary spirit
A new day of life was born.

Strength sublime may rise from weakness
Groans be turned to songs of praise,
Nor are life's divinest labours
Only told in length of days.

Young he died, but deeds of mercy
Beautified his life's short span;
And he left his worldly substance
To complete what he began.

BLUE FLOWERS.

BY CAROLINE EUSTIS.

You ask what flowers I love the best,
When Spring calls forth her pretty train,
And each in cheerful garments dressed
She sends them forth o'er hill and plain.

Give me *blue* flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect colour—heaven's own blue;
Sweet violet,
In emerald set,
And glistening with the fragrant dew;
Or by the brook,
With downcast look,
The modest harebell's fairy form
I love to see,
Where lovely she
Doth bend her head to meet the storm.

Blue flowers!—Oh give me fair blue flowers!
So pleadingly their azure eyes
Uplook in mine at morning's hour,
Taking their colour from the skies:
Of heaven they learn;
To heaven they turn
Their opening eyes at break of day;
And heaven doth shed
On each fair head,
A blessing on them where they lay;
A blessing meet
For flowers so sweet,
A portion of her glory bright.
Let our prayer be,
Oh thus may we
Be clothed upon with robes of light!

A NIGHT WITH BERANGER.

BY WILLIAM DOWE, ESQ.

WE have said that Victor Hugo is not the first lyric poet of France; that high distinction belongs to Pierre Jean de Béranger—in his life and verse, the truest poet of our time. Perhaps he is rivalled in simplicity of life, and devotedness to the poetical calling, by William Wordsworth, “The Nestor of the rhyming generation.” But the latter has been smirched by the laureateship and a court pension, and though he wears the bays

Which Dryden’s laureate brow supremely wore,

yet Whitehead, Pye, and others of the low literary rabble, wore them too, and left them in no condition to grace the head of a true poet, which, in spite of a host of absurdities, William Wordsworth is. In his simple habits, and his poverty, Béranger seems formed on the antique models of Greek or Roman character. He speaks with an instinctive truth when he says, in his *Voyage Imaginaire*,

“Où, je fus Grec—Pythagore à raison.”

None of the old Pedestrians, or Porchers, ever showed a more genuine contempt of the gifts of fortune, or the pride, pomp, and circumstance of life. But Béranger was of the school of Epicurus—the *school*, not the *sty*. In 1830, after the revolution, which was greatly precipitated by the intrepid rebellion of his muse, his friends, “become Ministers,” offered to provide for him—give him high office and recompense. He declined both, in the philosophic spirit exhibited in *Le Refus*, and *Mes Amis devenus Ministres*, and went up to his garret; whence he published a collection of songs in 1833, and where he remained till the voice of one more revolution called him, in 1848, into the streets of a republican capital. The people invaded the humble sanctuary of the old poet of sixty-eight, and in spite of his protestations, selected him one of the thirty-four members sent from the departments of the Seine, to the Constituent Assembly. They elected him, but he would not sit. He pleaded, in a public letter, his long-cherished habits of seclusion, and the constitutional timidity which overcame him whenever he tried to address more than half-a-dozen people. The shy old man implored them not to confer any honour on him. He said, “it may again become necessary that

you should have your courage revived, and your hopes reanimated; leave me to die as I have lived, and do not make an indifferent legislator of your old friend—the Ballad-maker.” Along with his philosophic modesty, there is discoverable in this a distrust of appearances. In 1830, it influenced him somewhat, as he himself states, in declining to identify himself with the ministry of Louis Philippe. Béranger half claims the gift of prophecy—which is only another name for strong political foresight. He was in the habit of saying that his muse only lived in *opposition* to despotism, and that *Song* was dethroned with Charles the Tenth. But before 1832, he had retracted; and in his *Restauration de la Chanson*, he says:—

“Où, Chanson, Muse ma fille,
J’ai déclaré tout net,
Qu’avec Charles et sa famille
On te détronait.
Mais chaque loi qu’on nous donne
Te rappelle ici;
Chanson, reprends ta couronne;
Messieurs, grand merci!”

We have seen how Béranger’s distrust was ultimately justified. And what shall we say of the semi-doubt expressed above, regarding 1848? In this, too, he would appear to prove the old saying, that,

“The name
Of poet and of prophet is the same.”

But though he refused to be a legislator, he could not be off for a *song*. Accordingly, he gave them an ode on the occasion; but people saw it was to Manuel, a dear old friend of the poet, over twenty years in his grave. Manuel was just such another man as Irish John Mitchell, terribly democratic and outspoken. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, in 1823, from which he was then expelled for the boldness with which he denounced the invasion of Spain by the Duke of Angoulême. He said it resembled the *restorative* invasion of France, in 1815. When the astonished Chamber recovered breath, it voted Manuel’s expulsion. Béranger, after a silence of fifteen years, seemed to recognise, in February, 1848, the republic of his hopes and reveries; but it was touching to see how the natural instincts of

age connected the present triumph of liberty with the thoughts of those who would have rejoiced to see its day, and did not see it. Young hearts, strong and self-sustained, could salute the regeneration of France for its unassociated glory and good; the old poet looked to memory and buried friendship for the inspiration and recompense of his time-subdued muse. Béranger and Manuel were cast in the same mould, and the former laments his dead friend like a brother.

BERANGER TO MANUEL.

O, Manuel, la France s'est levée, &c.

O, Manuel, France has raised herself at last—
Her freedom by no hostile power controlled.
Thus have we dreamed of her, in days long past;—
Nothing by halves, this giant people bold.
Since God has led us to this land of promise,
He should have left thee with us on the way.
What had'st thou done, like Moses taken from us?
I fain would clasp my poor old friend, to-day.

Coming, a victor, from this strife sublime,
Thou'dst seek my little corner, as a brother;
And, mid the heroic fevers of the time,
The one would often stand in need of the other.
Long mute, beneath an ancient yoke we sighed,
Then brushing, with a cheer, our tears away,
Live the Republic! we've together cried!
I fain would clasp my poor old friend, to-day!

Is it not so?—since the old Tennis-court—
What time the conquering people proudly viewed
The tending of the world, in full resort,
To this fair realm, as to the heart the blood,—
That crimson Book of Gold, sublime or sage,
Where Glory sets her lustres in array,
Exhibits '48, its brightest page.
I fain would clasp my poor old friend, to-day!

The realm grew barren under kingly sway,
That cast its anchor on this moving sand;
The thunder rolled—the throne was swept away,
And has not left a trace in all the land!
But it has left our France, a fruitful space,
Made rich by generous blood, to be alway
The bounteous storehouse of the human race;
I fain would clasp my poor old friend, to-day.

The commonweal is great, and shall be strong,
'Tis all we sighed for; but thou wast my friend,
My heart recalls the cry from nature wrung,—
"Pity the dead whose slumber has no end."
No end, alas! when France has risen restored,
When, to surpass herself on Glory's way,
She needs the aid of mind, and of the sword;
I fain would clasp my poor old friend, to-day.

Glory, O people, to thy swift success!
Remembering Manuel, I but love thee more;
My arms expand not vainly; they shall press
All the brave brethren of the Tricolor.
Bent with old age, while you arise and arm,
I should be with the dead, and sleep as they;
My blood is chilly, but these tears are warm;
I fain would clasp ye all, brave friends, to-day!

But the prophetic soul of Béranger seemed to be at fault where he says "nothing by halves,"—*Peuple géant, qui n'est rien à demi.*

The people are just now halving and quartering and compromising the republic of February 1848, in a very remarkable manner. We can fancy the old republican poet shrugging his shoulders, and thanking God he stayed where he was. But even there, in that *mansarde* of his, rumour would not let him alone; and the world, as if in revenge of his contempt of it, whispered abroad, about a year ago, that Béranger had married his cook. A foolish saying—for the simple bard did not keep one! But if he had, it would have been only of a piece with the texture of his philosophy. Besides, he would have the countenance of many respectable antecedents, and the justification which a brother lyricist—one Flaccus—made for his friend, Xanthias Phocæus:—

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phocæu; prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem,—

and so on to the end of Ode iv. Carm. 2. But Béranger did not want any lyric excuse; for, true to Lizette, he had not married any one, as he informed the public, in a Paris paper.

The antique simplicity of sentiment,—the profound philosophy—the gaiety and tenderness of tone conveyed in the most terse and graceful style, distinguish Béranger above all his lyric contemporaries. Victor Hugo has more gorgeousness and picturesque effect; Lamartine more softness and religious elevation; but the natural turn of thought and *verve* of our *chansonnier* insure him the wider audience and appreciation, and will give him a more enduring celebrity. The others are French poets. Béranger is the poet of the French people. "His heart ever beat loud in their stormy cause." We spoke just now of his prophesying spirit. In one of his noblest songs he seems to have foreshown the European crisis which people think they can already perceive. In the *Chant du Cosaque* he vaticinates concerning a Cossack and Slavic irruption into Southern Europe,—a state of things now menaced by the attitude of the Czar and the policy of the Austrian government. Europe may soon see the democracies of the South in deadly conflict with the king-sustaining hordes of the North—

The sons of rude Ruric—that Wasp of the Wave—
Slavonian, who lent them his epithet, slave!—

Slaves to despots, but threatening to be masters of all beside. The Ban, Joseph Jellachich, would seem to have been foreshadowed in the horseman who chaunts the following. Joseph is about fifty years of age, strong built, of middle size, with a bald head and high forehead, thick eyebrows, and a mild but keen eye. He is unmarried, and was lately without

fortune, till the Emperor wanted to make use of him against the rebellious Magyars. Among the Croats he is obeyed like a prince. His mother was of that race, and it is his pride to be considered a Croat and a man of the people. Such a man or *ban* would be foremost in any imperial *raid* directed against the fields and cities of the South. He would, doubtless, address his horse—

A Tartar of the Ukraine breed—

after this fashion :—

SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Viens, mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque, etc.

My horse, comrade bold of the roving Cossack,
The trump of the North blows a signal to war;
Untiring to plunder and fierce to attack,
To slaughter give speed in thy foray afar.
Though gold on thy rein and thy saddle be none,
With my good lance to aid, the red gold shall be won;
Then neigh, my proud steed, and victoriously prance
Over peoples and thrones in thy stormy advance.

For Europe's old ramparts are crumbled and gone—
Peace leaves thee my guide as her presence departs;
Let us rush to the spoil—let the steeds of the Don
Be stabled far south in the homes of the arts.
Return to old Seine, the rebellious, whose banks
Have twice seen its waters run red from thy flanks;
Then neigh, my proud steed, and victoriously prance
Over peoples and thrones in thy stormy advance.

Beleaguered by millions who rise to avenge,
Kings, nobles, and priests, in their day of distress,
Invoke our dominion, contented to cringe
As serfs, might they still have but power to oppress.
I have levelled my lance, and full soon shall go down
Before it the pride of the crosier and crown;
Then neigh, my proud steed, and victoriously prance
Over peoples and thrones in thy stormy advance.

I saw a vast Giant all shadowy stand,
With the glance of a chief o'er our bivouacs at rest,
And he spoke,—“Once again is my kingdom at hand;”
And his menacing war-axe was waved to the west;
O, 'twas Attila's aspect, heroic old Hun!
Thy warlike behest is obeyed by thy son!
Then neigh, my proud steed, and victoriously prance
Over peoples and thrones in thy stormy advance.

All the splendour of Europe—its glory and boast—
All the knowledge which quickly shall cease to be power,
All—all as we go shall be swallowed and lost
In the dust of thy hoofs in a terrible hour!
Crush temples and domes, and destroy till thou pause
O'er the wrecks of all records and manners and laws!
Then neigh, my brave steed, and victoriously prance
Over peoples and thrones in thy stormy advance!

It is curious to remark, how that tendency to prophecy belongs to great minds. Byron had it. He said blood would flow like water in the strife between peoples and kings. It has flowed and is flowing profusely. Napoleon at St. Helena, when he had no grand army to manage, consoled himself with the mystical

lore which is given by the sunset of life. On one occasion, he said that in fifty years (we believe; at all events the farther off the fulfilment is put, the better) Europe would be *Cossack* or *republican*. Events are tending just as these far-seeing minds predicted.

Béranger first began to publish in 1815, at the age of thirty-five. His Songs came out in five publications, up to 1833. For his collection of 1821 he was prosecuted by Marchagny, the attorney-general. In this publication all the brilliant powers of wit, and all the heartiness of contempt were arrayed against the existing order of things. The king, the court, the priesthood,—all the hypocrisies of society and religion were assailed with the most audacious disrespect. The majority of the songs had been sung in the streets and at reunions, before they were put in print; they flew about from tongue to tongue;—“rabble- charming words,” as South would say,—“having such a quantity of wild-fire wrapped up in them!” The people caught the lyric disaffection with delight; and it was found that the attempts and reclamations of political malcontents were not half so dangerous to the Bourbons as those pestilent ballads of a poor clerk in the Paris University! Louis the XVIII. was ridiculed for his imbecility, and his inglorious restoration by foreign bayonets; his peers, the Marquises of Carabas, were “overrun with policy,” and killed off “one hundred and fifty ways;” the Catholic clergy saw their ceremonials and character outraged by a bitter and scoffing irreverence, which they said was blasphemy—and it looked like it, somewhat, at times—and the prudish portions of society were put out of countenance by erotic effusions, which, certainly, no admirer of Béranger's better genius will set about eulogizing—*en plein jour*, at least. The government ordered the suppression of the satiric and treasonable songs. But during his trial in 1821, M. Dupin, the elder, who defended Béranger, took the opportunity to read a great many of the best and boldest of them, thus insuring their publication, to the infinite gratification of the auditory and the public, and the chagrin of the court and government. A portion of the following was highly applauded in the trial-chamber. It is called *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens*—a heading difficult of translation. *The God of Good Fellows* will not do. *Good fellow* means one who drinks, smokes, and “wakes the night-owl with a catch, draws three souls out of one weaver, and passes the Equinoctial of Quenbus,—some glorious torrid zone, lying beyond three o'clock in the morning.” But the same word (*bonne*), which came into our language hundreds of years ago, and changed its shape coming, is that, after all, which suits us here. Milton applies *boon*

to his Eve and to Nature—and it has thus the dignified signification of Beranger's sentiment:

THE GOD OF BOON SOULS.

Il est un Dieu : devant lui je m'incline, etc.

There's one God; and before him I reverently bow;
While beseeching him nought, I live poor and content.
I see what huge ills in this universe grow,
And to love but the good is my natural bent.
But heavens there are still, which I best understand,
To my fantasy's need by kind pleasure supplied;
Right cheerful of heart with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

While Poverty, guest of this dwelling of mine,
Without breaking my slumber, keeps watch by my bed,
With the solace of hope and of love I recline
In dreams of a couch more luxuriously spread.
Others bow to the gods of the courts and the grand;
I adore the indulgent whatever betide.
Right cheerful of heart, with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

A conqueror, proud in the day of his power,
Treats sceptres and laws as contemptible things.
Lo! the dust of his footsteps are seen to this hour
On the place where he left it, the collars of kings.
Kings, crawlers, how mean is your worshipped command!
To brave the exactions of tyrannous pride,
Right cheerful of heart, with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

In our halls where the beautiful arts of the South
In victory's presence gleamed gracefully forth,
I've beheld the inglorious barbarians uncouth
Shake off from their mantles the frosts of the North.
Lo, Albion defies the poor wreck of our land.
But they change—both the fates and the rule of the tide!
Right cheerful of heart, with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

But what says yon priest with his menacing cries?
We mortals are nearing our ultimate goal,
Eternity soon shall be plain to all eyes,
And time and the world be consumed like a scroll!
Ye cherubims, hasten—a chubby-face band—
To waken those dead, in no haste to be tried.
Right cheerful of heart, with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

Nay! God is not anger; this world, if it lives
As the work of his hands, by his care must be nursed;
O tutelar friendship, O wine that he gives!
O love still creative, as he was at first,
To my thought give a solace and spell to withstand
Those visions of terror which truth must deride.
Right cheerful of heart, with my glass in my hand,
In the God of boon souls I confide.

Chateaubriand said that the first four lines of the third stanza, were "worthy of Tacitus, the historian, who also wrote verses." On the occasion of the trial, the following was circulated in the court-house:

ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

Soleil si doux au déclin de l'automne, etc.

Sweet sun, so serene in pale Autumn's decay,
Sere trees, once again let me greet ye to-day;
'Tis vain to suppose that stern hate will look on,
And pardon my songs for the fame they have won,

'Twas here in these scenes to my reveries came
The visions of all things, perchance, of a name.
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus.

Why have not my choruses died where they rose,
Like the song-bird's free notes in the shade of the boughs?
But France, in her sorrow, was mourning the hour,
That saw her head bent to the footstool of power;
Then the bolts of my satire were launched—yet agree
That Love's inspiration were happiest for me!
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus.

Their rage on my poverty falls,* and they draw
My gaiety forth to the frown of the law.
Their vengeance would crush me in Sanctity's mask—
Lest their faces should blush at their vileness of task!
Nay, Heaven will not curse with these cursers on earth,
For, only false gods give intolerance birth.
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus.

If of glory I sung by the conqueror's hearse,
If a prayer for our warriors still lives in my verse,
At Victory's statue, have I, for a meed,
Seen the murder of kingdoms, approving the deed?
'Twas not to the sun of the empire that rang
My lyre, when, even here, at his rising I sang.
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus.

Let the thought of my pain to my jailors be sweet,
As they measure and gloat o'er the chains on my feet;
Even to France, so debased in endurance of wrongs,
The gloom of a cell may illumine my songs.
My lyre on the bars of the grate shall be thrown,
And win to a prison the eye of renown.
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus.

Let the nightingale seek me, at least; they have told
How a king was the cause of her sorrows of old.
But the voice of the jailor has scattered my dreams!
Adieu to the forests, the vales, and the streams.
My fetters await me; but even in my cell
I can sing the bold anthem of freedom as well.
O, fair arching azure, still smile on my muse;
O, dear forest echoes, repeat my adieus!

A vigorous and polished lyric. It contains a couplet far beyond Chateaubriand's eulogized quatrain—to wit:

"At Victory's statue, have I, for a meed,
Seen the murder of nations, approving the deed?"

The poet is alluding to Napoleon's destruction of conquered kingdoms; and to express it, he brings his figure from the murder of Cæsar, at the base of "Pompey's statua." It is in such condensed and forcible couplets—sometimes in single lines—that Beranger exhibits the very essence of classic inspiration. The next couplet alludes to Memnon's harp, another to Tereus, and the fate of Philomela. And, perhaps, the beginning of his second stanza betrays a remembrance of a saying of Demetrius, the friend of Cicero, who, listening one evening, under a

* Beranger was dismissed from his place of clerk in the Paris University, worth about four hundred dollars a year.

tree in the garden of Tusculum, to the chirping of the cicadas, said they were happy songsters who had no critics or censors to trouble them. However, Béranger not alone comprehends what is beautiful and grand, but gives, himself, as good; for instance, in the sterling line:

"For, only false gods give intolerance birth!"

Béranger is one of the ancients. But he has had no scholastic acquaintance with them. He never received a classical education. In the *Epitaph of his Muse*, he says of himself:

"Lui qui des Muses d'école
N'avait jamais sucé le lait."

He was in a great measure self-educated, though he spent some years at school in Peronne, and exhibits those advantages of originality and independence which generally follow self-educated men. Having, like Shakespeare, read the classic authors only in his own tongue, he caught the spirit of them with the instinct of congenial genius, and, as we have already remarked, his illustrations are drawn from the classic storehouse with infinite felicity and power. The following shows that our poet may fitly hob-nob with Anacreon—in the words of Herrick,—

"Call on Bacchus, chaunt his praise,
Shake the thyrses and bite the bayes,
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk, to bed—"

while the immortal Dove, bought with a little ode, from Venus herself, would go to sleep on the Frenchman's lyre, taking it for its master's.

CYPRUS WINE.

O, Cyprus, thy wine, rebaptizing my vein,
Brings the Boy that goes blindfold once more in my way,
With Jove, Juno, Pallas, and Venus again—
All lost from my *credo* this many a day.
If our authors, who all wrote like pagans, 'tis true,
Made me curse this old beautiful worship of earth—
'Twas because they ne'er reeled with thy classical dew;
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

To the Grecian mythology, taught in our classes,
At the potent persuasion of Bacchus, I fly;
To my song shall advance all the Muses and Graces,
And Phoebus shall smile, and the Zephyrs shall sigh;
Fauns, Bacchanals, Sylvans, and Dryads—all you
Shall lead up around me your chorus of mirth!
With the Naiads my fancies have nothing to do;
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

Methinks, by its wondrous old flavour beguiled,
I near some fair altar of mythical time,
Where myrtle-crowned beauty entrancingly smiled,
To melt loving hearts in her glorified clime.
Let us fancy the charm of the azure that lies
Far away from the cold and the turbulent North;
Ah, well may they people such beautiful skies!
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

The excellent Hesiod, his eyes in a cloud,
Sought high-sounding names for their godships of yore,
For the want of ideas, he began at an ode,
When a huge Cyprus wine-skin arrived to the fore;
He drinks—mounts his Pegasus!—halting and doubt
Are lost in that nectar's miraculous worth.
The wine-skin was full; all Olympus flowed out!
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

To the deities fabled of old, we oppose
Our devils—attractive to few, I dare say;
Hobgoblins and vampires and ghouls and all those—
The pleasant creations of Chivalry's day.
Out, out on your tombs, and your spectres that move;
Damned souls, and such horrors, contagious on earth!
Instead of a bat, let our choice be a dove;
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

Anacreon, Æschylus, Homer, Menander,
Have owed to this wine their immortal renown;
Let me drink, and my songs, with those better and grander,
To the future, it may be, will also go down.
Yet no; see where Hebe comes down from the skies!
With a troop of young loves she encircles my hearth;
She fills up my cup, with a smile in her eyes!—
In the wine of gay Cyprus the gods had their birth.

Béranger thus, though not quite "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn," but having used the euphrasy of Hesiod and Anacreon, having had a drop in his eye, as it were (we wonder, is the point understood on this side the Atlantic?), gets glimpses that may make him less forlorn;—

"He devotedly believes
Divinities—being himself divine;"

and recognises, for the nonce, with his German brother, Schiller,

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, and the beauty, and the majesty,
Which live no longer in the faith of reason."

He seems, drunk or sober, in fact, to prefer the "white theories of the fields of Greece," to the grotesque or gloomy lore of the middle ages; he prefers the classic Dove to Victor Hugo's Bat. Béranger had little sympathy with the pretensions and doings of the feudal times. In *Le Vilain*, he says what he thinks of them:—

"My ancestors, in lordly mood,
Ne'er vexed the serfs that tilled the soil;
Their noble swords, in good greenwood,
Ne'er reaped the helpless traveller's spoil," &c.

All this makes against our preceding theory of names.* For, in poesy, romance, and war, De Berenger, or De Beranger was a highly distinguished one, with as medieval a prestige as any other in France.

Béranger having refused a provision in life from his friends in the ministry, some others spoke of purchasing a stately provision in the grave for him. But Béranger held and holds the pomps and vanities of death as cheaply as

* See "French Lyric Poets" in April No.

those of existence. In reply to a Beranger Burial Fund Committee, he sent the following:—

MY TOMB.

Moi bien portant, quoi, vous pensez, d'avance.

Erect me a tomb, while in spirits and health,
At such wonderful cost too!—good people, not yet.
Twere a folly, my friends, thus to squander your wealth:
To the rich leave the pomp and the pride of regret.
With the price of the marble or bronze, far too fine
A grave-dress for beggars like me, I presume,
To help us through life you may purchase good wine;
Let us merrily drink off the cost of my tomb!

A noble mausoleum would cost—let me see—
Some hundreds, at least; O, my friends, let us fly!
Come live for six months as recluses with me,
In a beautiful vale 'neath a beautiful sky,
Choose a mansion where beauty's and harmony's spell
Shall people with pleasures each rapturous room:
I would risk loving life and its joyance too well:
Let us spend at the banquet the cost of my tomb.

But I'm stricken in years, my mistress is not;
And a gay dress to suit her would not be amiss.
In the blaze of our persons our fasts are forgot,
And the glory of Longchamps will testify this.
From my friends to my favourite something is due:
To buy a cashmere of some elegant loom,
As a life-gift to rest on a bosom so true,
Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb.

No, I look for no grand private box, my dear friends,
Where the ghosts have their Spectacle; only behold
This pale-faced and hollow-eyed pauper that bends!—
Make his last moments happy—they soon must be told.
To him who, deserting his wallet, shall sit
The first, to see lifted the curtain of doom,
To provide for my coming a place in the pit,
Let us give, without grudging, the cost of my tomb.

What boots it to me that my name should appear
On a stone, by some scholar deciphered and spelt?
For the flowers which, they say, shall be strewn on my
bier,
'Twere better methinks could their fragrance be felt.
Posterity!—that which perhaps may not be—
Be warned that you never need hope to illumine
My grave with your torch:—dear philosophers, see,
How I toss through the window the cost of my tomb.

The foregoing contain much of the politics and philosophy of Béranger. But he has also an eye for pity, and possesses all the pathos and tenderness of the true poetical temperament. The following is one of his most popular songs—sung not only in the *boudoirs* and reunions, but in the streets—one of those things that, as old Hall says, are

Sung to the wheel, or sung unto the pail.

THE RETURN TO NATIVE LAND.

Qu'il va lentement le navire, etc.

O, slowly, slowly sails she on—
The ship that bears my fate and me!

How long or ere her port be won
There where my longings foremost flee!
Land I adore,
France, native shore!
How oft my restless fancy drew thee nigh!
Blow, swiftest gales,
And waft our sails
To that blest shore where I return to die.
But hark! the seaman—what cries he?
He cries, "Land, land; 'tis there—'tis there!"
My cares and ills are lost in air:
Hail, native land, to thee!

Ah! 'tis the shore of France, at last!
The broad safe bay, the fields hard by,
Where, neath a humble roof, I passed
The gladsome days of infancy.
Land I adore,
France, native shore:
Now, after twenty years, beheld once more!
Afar is seen
My village green,
And o'er our roofs the blue smoke, as of yore.
But touched and sad that scene I see;
There grew my young loves, warm and wild,
There my poor mother waits her child:
Hail, native land, to thee!

Far from my birth-place, in my prime,
Led by my restless heart, I went
Where, on a warmer, wealthier clime,
Looked down the Eastern firmament.
Land I adore,
France, native shore,
Thine should have been its suns and fertile powers!
The year rolls there
For ever fair,
Adorned by flowers and fruits, and fruits and flowers.
Yet there my withering youth would be
Dreaming of dearer climes than those;
I mourned our winters and their snows:
Hail, native land, to thee!

And household gods I could have won,
And promised wealth allured me still;
Where the blood bubbles to the sun
Love warmly waited on my will.
Land I adore,
France, native shore;
What pleasures left to see thee once again!
Still, with youth past,
Wealth unamassed—
If the dear hope of love henceforth is vain,
Let the sweet memory live for me
Of my young loves in meadows gay,
The sunlight of my closing day;
Hail, native land, to thee.

Wandering mid savage tribes afar,
Who fain had made me chief and lord,
I've kept their frontiers safe in war
From many a fierce assailing horde.
Land I adore,
France, native shore,
Then groaned thy fields invaded by the foe!
Nor Fame, nor Power,
Nor Victory's hour
Could stifle there my country's cry of woe.
All, all, for her, I gladly flee;
A poor but constant man I come;
A spade awaits me there at home;
Hail, native land, to thee.

Mid sounds of glee and greetings loud,
Our vessel floats into the bay;

We press into the boat—the crowd
Is hastening to the strand away.
Land I adore,
France, native shore,
May all thy sons be thus at last restored!
At last I stand
Upon thy strand;
And while my gratitude to heaven is poured,
I kiss thy soil on bended knee;
God! how an exile's heart must pine!
To die in peace henceforth be mine!
Hail, native land, to thee!

The number of exiles still unrestored by the restored Bourbons, and the wish of the people generally for the grace of a complete amnesty, gave effect and popularity to a theme like the above. The next we shall give also struck a general chord,—for there were few families in the kingdom—thanks to the decimating glories of the empire!—which had not to mourn some relative, held in a foreign prison, if not a foreign grave. The household feeling of *The Prisoner of War* is sweet and touching.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

Marie, enfin quitte l'ouvrage, etc.

Marie, come set your spindle by,
The evening star is in the sky—
Mother, a village youth forsaken
Is in a foreign dungeon cast:
Far, far at sea, by strangers taken,
Adrian surrendered, but the last!
Ah, spin! ah, spin! ah, poor Marie!
Spin for the prisoner pining o'er the sea!

Well, at thy wish my lamp is lit;
Why is my darling weeping yet?—
Mother, poor Adrian lingers lonely,
His captors taunt his helpless lot;
A child, he loved me, loved me only;
How oft he cheered our humble cot!
Ah, spin! ah, spin! ah, poor Marie!
Spin for the prisoner pining o'er the sea!

I too, my child, would spin for him,
But my old eyes are waxing dim—
Mother, the winnings of my labour
Send to my Adrian, in his woe;
Hark, Rose's bridal, and the tabor!
She bid me come, I could not go.
Ah, spin! ah, spin! ah, poor Marie!
Spin for the prisoner, pining o'er the sea!

Sit at the fire, my child, the air
Of night grows cold, and chills thee there.—
Mother, they say poor Adrian lingers
Upon a floating dungeon-bed,
Strangers repulse his wasted fingers
Stretched out to beg the coarsest bread.
Ah, spin! ah, spin! ah, poor Marie!
Spin for the prisoner, pining o'er the sea.

My child, I've lately dreamed that he
Returned to wed my own Marie!
And still, before the thirtieth morning,
Those dreams of mine come ever true.—
What, mother! will gay spring returning,
Bring our beloved Adrian, too?
Ah, spin! ah, spin! ah, poor Marie!
Spin for the prisoner, coming o'er the sea.

Robert Burns, who resembled Béranger in many things, declared himself, with the peculiar courage of his character, partial to the *blackguards* of society. Béranger shows a kindly leaning to the beggars, smugglers, vagabonds, gipsies, and other outcasts of the world. His *Gueux*, *Contrebandiers*, *Vieux Vagabond*, *Les Bohémiens*, &c., prove that he can appreciate these disreputable characters with the loving gusto of Shakespeare, setting forth the piebald philosophy of his fools. *Les Bohémiens* is as follows:—

THE GIPSIES.

Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filoux, &c.

Sorcerers, mimes, or thieving crew—
Remnant foul of roving tribes
Which the ancient tale describes—
Sorcerers, mimes, or thieving crew—
Merry gipsies, whence come you?

Whence come we?—we cannot tell;
Whence, attendant on the spring,
Comes afar the swallow's wing?
Whence come we?—we cannot tell;
Where we go, they know it well.

Prince, nor land, nor law have we,
But ye well may envy us,
Ever living, wandering thus;
Prince, nor land, nor law have we—
Happy one day out of three.

Merrily we come to life;
Never seek a church to get
A baptismal epithet!
Merrily we come to life,
To the sound of horn and fife.

Free our early movement goes—
In this world, where every day,
Custom warps the crowd astray,
Free our early movement goes
From the bigot's swaddling clothes.

Those who suffer in our snares,
(Count us those we daily see
Led away by grammaree!)
Those who suffer in our snares
Must have saints or sorcerers!

Wandering birds that Heaven has blest;
Exiled from the towns away,
Houseless outcasts doomed to stray,
Wandering birds that Heaven has blest—
In the woods we hang our nest!

Should old Plutus cross our way,
Merrily our roving band
Stops his step and bids him stand—
Should old Plutus cross our way,
For our mirth we make him pay.

Never do thy likings tire,
Most serene philosopher,
Of thy broadcloth soft and fair,
Never do thy likings tire
Of thy weathercock and spire.

See is have; come, let us on!
What a fascinating thing
Is a life of wandering!
See is have; come, let us on;
All that's seen is all that's won!

Still to men they ever cry—
 Entering early on the stage,
 Or at rest in stirless age,
 Still to men they ever cry—
 Born, "Good day," and dead, "Good bye!"

Young or aged, when we go—
 Man and woman, unto heaven
 Be our parting spirit given—
 Young or aged, when we go—
 Leave our bodies to the crow!

Free from pride we wander here:
 No exacting code o'erawes
 Our free spirits with its laws—
 Free from pride we wander here,
 Sans a cradle, roof, or bier.

But believe our life of glee—
 Priest or noble though thou be,
 Lord or loon of low degree,
 But believe our life of glee,
 Happiness is liberty!

Possessing the kindest social feelings, the genius of Béranger is nevertheless distinguished for its sarcastic powers. He can exhibit a mocking devil in his sneer when occasion calls for it. But this does not damage his philosophy; for Socrates himself could sneer at the follies and vices of the world, and, with all his attributes of soul, was called *constans et perpetuus irrisor mortalium*. It is after his fashion that Béranger throws abroad an eye of satire on the doings of society; and he lashes them. The prosecutions he underwent show the keenness and force of his strokes. The irreverent audacity of his wit is like Voltaire's, and can be as polished as Gibbon's. There is an instance in which it resembles the misanthropy of Byron and Swift. That is in *Les Orangs-Outangs*. The fierce-hearted Irish ecclesiastic degraded his human animal below the *Houyhnhms* of the stall. Lord Monboddo said, with philosophic serenity, that men were only monkeys of a better order, who, in process of time, managed to rub off their tails and get more brains into their heads. Béranger would have forensic orators descended from the Ourang-outang family; but makes human civilization in general derived from the primeval polity of the monkey tribe. He puts on the cloak of Diogenes for the nonce—

Diogène
 Sous ton manteau
 Libre et content, je ris et bois sans gêne!

THE OURANG-OUTANGS.

Jadis si l'on en croit Esop, etc.

In Europe one time, says old Æsop, there was
 A tribe of the ourang-outang
 So skilful in speaking that from them, alas!
 The race of our advocates sprang.
 At a meeting thus one of them said:—
 Be the annals of history read,
 It shows that proud man with his deeds and harangues,
 Is only the ape of the ourang-outangs.

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At first, as they lived on our crumbs, they began
 To gather their harvests like us,
 Then, a cane in his hand, the poor plagiarist, man,
 Soon walked perpendicular, thus!
 Nay, even with the Heaven that he fears,
 He borrows our gestures, O peers!
 Yes, man, with his deeds, and his haughty harangues,
 Is only the ape of the ourang-outangs.

The loves of this mimic are taught by our own;
 But our spouses are proof against bribes,
 He has doubtless successfully copied alone
 The sharp, cynic ways of our tribes.
 With us was Diogenes taught
 His freedom of act and of thought.
 Yes, man, with his deeds, and his haughty harangues,
 Is only the ape of the ourang-outangs.

Full oft he has seen, in our forests outspread,
 Our armies, with centre and wings,
 And front-guard, and rear-guard, all ordered and led
 By the best of our chieftains and kings.
 Ere Troy was destroyed, we possessed
 A score Alexanders at least.
 Yes, man, with his deeds, and his haughty harangues,
 Is only the ape of the ourang-outangs.

The art of all arts, most esteemed, is to slay
 With the club or the lance or the sword;
 We taught him all this; and, why should he, to-day,
 Be ranked as our master and lord?
 It renders us impious, ye powers,
 Your image is copied from ours!
 Yes, man, with his deeds, and his haughty harangues,
 Is only the ape of the ourang-outangs.

Cried Jove: In my ears must it ever be shrieked
 By monkeys and beavers and bees—
 Your men are all bears but imperfectly licked:
 Where had you such beings as these?
 But man can cajole and beseech;
 Let these animals forfeit their speech.
 Yet, man, with his deeds, and his haughty harangues,
 Shall long be the ape of the ourang-outangs.

When a man like Béranger, in his *Maudit Printemps*, anathematizes the Spring, that companion of Venus and Zephyr—

"It Ver et Venus, et Veris pronuncius, ante,
 Pennatus graditur Zephyrus—"

Spring, the inspiration and the beautifier of Nature, and all that, we are curious to know why. The galliard wit of the poet will account satisfactorily in the following, for what appears so perverse a heresy, at the first blush. If Madame de Stael had as good a reason for preferring the view of the gutter in the centre of the Rue du Bac, to the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone, and the lake of Geneva mirroring the mountains, we hold ourselves ready to justify her frank preference.

DETESTED SPRING.

Je la voyais, de ma fenêtre, etc.

I saw her from my window-seat,
 Through the past winter, at her own;
 Our crossing kisses used to meet
 While each to each was still unknown.

How sweet our mutual glances through
The leafless linden tree! but when
The leaves grew green, they shut our view:
Detested Spring, why wilt thou come again?

Within that leafy mass is lost
She who before my raptured gaze,
Has at her lattice stood, and tost
Crumbs to the birds on frosty days.
How, at that signal, still would grow
Our mute, but meaning courtship then!
Ah! dear, delightful frost and snow!
Detested Spring, why wilt thou come again!

I could behold her, but for thee,
When first she leaves her lovely rest,
Fresh as Aurora is, when she
Opens the curtains of the East.
And in the evening I could say,
"My radiant star begins to wane;
She sleeps—her taper dies away"—
Detested Spring, why wilt thou come again?

My heart implores the stormy hours,
I long for winter, and would fain
Hear the cold hail, in rattling showers,
Come beating on my window-pane.
Ah! what to me thy zephyr sighs,
Thy long bright days, thy flowery reign?
I see no more those beauteous eyes!—
Detested Spring! why wilt thou come again?

Having reached the *small hours*, it is time to
bid the gay old poet good night. But it is
Twelfth Night, and Béranger is king for the
nonce. Not in the sense so facetiously re-
cognised by King Charles the Second, to wit,
that

He that is drunk is as great as a king;

for Béranger always understood enjoyment too
well to indulge in any coarse excess. He thus,
on the contrary, counsels the convivial:—

Pour eviter bien des maux,
Veut-on suivre ma recette,
Que l'on nage entre deux eaux,
Et qu'entre deux vins l'on se mette.
Le bonheur tient au savoir-vivre;
De l'abus naissent les degouts;
Trop à la fois nous enivrer;
Il faut boire à petits coups!

But, as we were saying, Béranger is a king!
wherefore let us stay to hear His Majesty's

speech—containing somewhat more grace and
humour than the generality of such speeches.
He speaks it, or says it, after what we suppose
the fashion of his own *Roi d'Yvetot*, of merry
and innocent memory. But he puts on his
crown with his own hand—as Napoleon did the
iron one of Charlemagne, in Milan—with a
gare à qui la touche,—at least till after supper!

THE CROWN.

Grace à la fête je suis roi, etc.

By the bean's grace, I am a king,
Fill up your glasses there, awhile
Let me be crowned, and everything
Grow envious of my royal style.
There beats no heart that aims not at
The station that o'ertops its own;
No one's contented with his hat,
If he may only wear a crown!

The king a diadem will wear
Bejewelled round his darkened brow;
A crown adorns the shepherd's hair,
Of flow'rets—such as suits me now.
Heaven makes the first dear-bought, at best,
Love twines the other for the clown;
The king takes off his own to rest,
But Colin slumbers with his crown.

The Frenchman, bard and warrior, he,
With double wreaths of laurel on,
Follows the muse and victory,
And sings the triumphs he has won.
When, from the height of wide command,
At last he falls deserted down,
The sceptre may escape his hand,
But still he keeps his laurel crown.

Fair ones, ye wear, at sweet sixteen,
A crown of innocence, that brings
A courtier crowd right soon, I ween,
They proffer incense, as to kings;
Like kings, the snares of artifice
Are round you still seductive strewn;
You hear but flatterers, that entice,
And then, of course, you lose your crown.

To lose a crown!—methinks the phrase
Should make one think about his own!
No imposts doubled do I raise,
No ancient peers are round my throne!
My friends, I love this royal chair:
Let's drink together—care may drown;
But don't—till after the dessert—
Force me to abdicate the crown!

A SONNET.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

HAS my offence for ever lost thy grace?
Most sad offence, and wicked it must seem,
Though by the light that shines in thy fair face,
The evil, I not fearing, did not dream;
Nor for itself did love it, but as men
Who lonely are, indulge in company;
The offence is dead—is strangled; it died when

I felt that thou wert all in all to me:
I know that thou dost deem it, in the end,
May dash bright stars to dark obscurity—
Dissever fond affection—friend and friend,
So I have turned back from this misery.
Then if thou findest what I say be true,
Let me not all my fond affection rue.

A YEAR AT AMBLESIDE.

OCTOBER.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE gladsome seasons of the year are now over. From this time till the very end,—till our Christmas festivities begin,—we prepare ourselves for gravity and for composure under the most serious incidents of our annual life. People who live in towns, or in an average climate, and to whom the change of seasons is almost insensible, may smile at so solemn an announcement of the disappearance of summer and its pleasures; but there are circumstances attending the advent of late autumn with us, which suggest and require a certain sobriety of spirit. The season, not only of gales and floods, but of disease and death is drawing on, and nothing is more impressive to a new resident than the spectacle of the sickening autumn; nothing more trying to the mind and heart than the inability to convey to others one's own conviction that the visitation is invited by ourselves,—that it is our own fault that so many of our little society suffer and die as they do. I could not bear this a second year; and in my walks during the shortening days, my thoughts were occupied with what could be done to rouse my neighbours to consider and act in defence of their health and their life.

These walks are in themselves as sweet as any in the year. It is, to be sure, rather mournful to see the last of the swallows assembling on a housetop, in that sort of commotion which shows that they are planning to follow those that went last month. We know that they are here now only because the wind has been south for the last few days; and that as soon as it gets round to any quarter less directly opposite, we shall lose them. Well, the twelve nests that they have put up under my broad eaves shall be left untouched, that I may see the gay creatures again in seven months. This same south wind brings out the last faint odours of the year; and it calls up the gray mists which I see rise from the valleys, and breathe out of the mountain clefts, and sail away, still rising as they go, till they settle round every peak, and spread and join, until we feel ourselves roofed in with mist; and all below is seen in the singular clearness of a dewy atmosphere. If a stronger wind comes to open the sky again, how rich and ruddy is the landscape! The further woods and nearer

hedges and thickets are gay and glittering. The holly berries begin to show, and the large scarlet hips on the briers, and the shining, clustering blackberries, which we cannot help eating as we go. The scarlet and green berries of the nightshade look so tempting that I wonder we do not hear of more mischief from them among the children, who are out everywhere gathering blackberries for sale. Here are sloes in plenty, covered with bloom; but most people have so many damsons at home, that few care to corrode their tongues with sloes. Among the roots of old trees, we still find a primrose here and there; and the slender heath-bell (often miscalled harebell) wanes over a layer of dead leaves. One likes to call this delicate flower by the pretty name of the harebell; but I believe it is settled that the blue hyacinth is the real harebell, called so because its roots are a favourite food of the hare. Among the remnants of the passing year, we see the cheerful spectacle of preparation for another. The plough is in the field; and the last glow of the October sun brightens the gray horse on the distant slope, and enables us thus to see the brown horse also, and the man and the plough which we might otherwise have overlooked on the dim hillside. In the midst of the deep quietness of an autumn day, when the passage of the squirrel over the dead leaves, and the fall of the acorn, and the hum of the bee above the latest blossoms are marked sounds, how suddenly, and with what a sweep comes upon the ear the cry of the hounds and the rush of horses, as the hunt rushes across the landscape! How the scarlet coats shine behind the coppice and gleam across the stubble! Not many scarlet coats, however, but a good many country costumes,—the gray homespun, the drab, and the Sunday dress of some of my neighbours, I think I recognise. Yes, there is A—, and there B—, and C—, one a builder, another a shopkeeper, making a frolic of the hunt, heating themselves in the sun by an unwonted ride, and likely, I fear, to heat themselves more perniciously at night with drink and revelry. There they go, out of sight, and soon the last echoes of the hounds have died away.

There is something in these autumn, as in

early spring days, which exhausts one's strength. One looks round for a resting-place after a very few miles. I must ask for a seat in this old farm-house: the seat and the draught of milk are graciously given. My thoughts being turned on the health of the district, it is natural to observe how entirely all conditions of health were overlooked, while those modes of living grew up which are still followed by the country people. The door here is not high enough for man or woman to enter without stooping; the window is on the same side, and there is a dead wall opposite. If there is too little access to the outer air elsewhere, there is too much in the direction of the chimney. The chimney is a large recess, six feet high, and capable of containing three or four persons sitting on each side the fire, which burns on the hearth. A large provision of meat hangs in the smoke; and well smoked the meat is likely to be, judging by the soot which hangs upon everything within the recess. The wicker, plastered sides are almost as sooty as the beam and chain from which the boiler is suspended. It is said that the country custom of men sitting bonneted within doors, arose from the need of keeping their heads covered from the soot and draught, and even the dirt of the chimney. The fire is of peat; and when the autumn and winter storms pour rain and blast into the wide funnel of the chimney, the soot is brought down in oily streams, which it almost turns one's stomach to see trickling on the walls. The chambers are no nicer. The "bower," the room of the master and mistress, is extremely small; over the pantry, and a little larger. The loft, where everybody else sleeps—children, servants, and all—has no ceiling; no furniture but the great chests where the oatmeal, the malt, some dried meat, and the family clothes, are kept; no sheets on the beds, but rugs and blankets for warmth; and, probably, no partition but a rope carried across the loft, on which are hung the clothes in wear. If there is a partition, it is probably of upright boards, through which everything must be heard, and anything may be seen. The young men may wash their faces and hands at the pump every day, for what I know; but from what one sees when their collars are open in warm weather, it seems that they dress as their neighbours, the pitmen at the collieries, do on Sundays,—put on a clean shirt over a skin which has not felt the touch of water for half a year or more. The elderly woman, now on the settle, nursing the infant (her grandchild) is ill; and she tells me, with a sort of contempt, of the advice the clergyman gave her, while waiting till the doctor came round. The advice was, to put her feet in warm water and go to bed. I asked her if this

was not good advice. She says that, in the first place, putting her feet in warm water would send the blood to her head; and, in the next place, that it is thirty years since she washed her feet, and it shall be another thirty before she does it again. Seeing me of another way of thinking, she tells me that she had a dear daughter who washed *her* feet once; and she died under the age of twenty-five. The infant is now to be washed, however, and I am glad to see it. The mother, having brought me a basin of milk, sets about washing the babe, and does not omit the feet. I remind her, however, that she has forgotten the arms and hands. She says the babe must wait awhile for that; it was a good way yet from six months old. She informs me that, if her child had its arms and hands washed before it was six months old, it would grow up a thief, and she would not like that. Thus do all our superstitions and old sayings work in favour of dirt.

Intemperance and dirt usually go together; and never did I see intemperance and all sensual vice so prevalent as here. It is clear to me, that the discomfort of the houses has much to do with this fearful liability. The young men come home from work to an overcrowded dwelling; a room full of bad smells and the noise of children, and with scarcely space to turn round. What wonder that they go to the public house! Coming home late, their sleeping-place is in a hot room, where six or seven people are huddled together, already too close for decency, and breathing noisome air. Pondering these things,—remembering how good are the wages and how constant is the employment here—being aware that there is no poverty, but that the difficulty lies in the unwillingness of proprietors to build cottages, or to facilitate the building of them by others, I made up my mind, that the true way to improve the health and morals of our neighbourhood was, by putting the people in the way of providing wholesome dwellings for themselves. There was no time to be lost. Already, since my arrival, had grave after grave been dug in the overcrowded churchyard; and one valuable life after another had sunk before my eyes. Benevolent people were giving wine, and broth, and luxuries to the sick, and consoling the repentant, and warning the profligate, but no one seemed to think of the shorter or surer method of taking in hand the *causes* of sickness and debauchery. It was worth trying whether something could not be done.

From the Sanitary Commission in London it was easy to obtain reports and other documents, which would teach us the best methods of draining and constructing new houses. When these had arrived and been well studied, our builder, John Newton, and our house carpen-

ter, T. C., and his wife, came to tea with me, to talk matters over. It makes my heart ache now to think of that evening; to think how, all unknowing of the future, we sat in happy consultation, perceiving hope and encouragement whichever way we looked, and trusting that in a few years we might see the place regenerated. Never was there a fairer field for such a reform. Nature has made everything ready to our hand. She has given us the slopes on which our little town stands; the gullies, which may carry away its drainage; the wholesome soil under our feet; the rocks, which may serve as the foundation of our dwellings; the copious flow of streams from the hills, and the brimming rock-basins, which offer the purest water in abundance to all who need. It is not Nature's doing that the people have dung-heaps against their walls, and filth soaking into the foundations; and ditches uncleared through all the heats of summer; and dead dogs and cats thrown into the beck; and cabins built against the damp earth of a cutting, where no air can blow through the dwelling; and so little care to bring the fresh waters among the dwellings, that the women have to toil up the hills, with tubs on their heads or pails in their hands, to bring down the smallest quantity of water that will suffice for household purposes; or that the churchyard is so putrid—so filled with the untimely dead, as that the sexton faints when he opens a grave, and the surgeon reports that he cannot cure the fever cases which occur in the vicinity of the churchyard. These things are not Nature's fault: those of us who live according to her laws find this the healthiest place we have ever dwelt in;—nor can we blame fortune for it either, while the mechanics of the place can and do pay rents for unwholesome cabins, which would be high for cottages of the first order. Neither nature nor fortune is to blame for the spectacle of aching rheumatism by the fireside, rickety infancy on the threshold, loathsome scrofula in the workshop, consumption coughing the night away, fever tossing on the bed, and death collecting old, young, and middle-aged, within the fatal boundary of the churchyard. On these things we took counsel and agreed. We agreed that the want of the people was of sanitary knowledge, first, and then of guidance in improving their condition. My guests pledged themselves to support me in every effort to supply these needs; and, if we could succeed in forming a building society, to be faithful to the methods of draining and building laid down by the Central Sanitary Commission in London.

On the first summons, the people came together in the school-house. They knew already

how glad they would be to have better dwellings, and that for many years they had asked for such in vain, while land could always be found for sites for gentlemen's houses. They could easily see the principle of a building society: how, if twenty men could lay by a shilling a week, it was a pity that all should wait twenty weeks before any one could have the use of a pound; whereas, if they put their money together in some safe place, one man could have the use of a pound at the end of one week, while the twentieth would be as well off as before. They could easily see how, if thirty or forty persons who desired to possess a good cottage, paid a certain monthly sum for a certain term of years, they might, in constant succession, be made possessors each of such a dwelling, till, at the end of the term of years, all should be served. The question was, how the land to build on was to be obtained. Some few who desired to be members had land of their own. As for the rest, I had good news for them. An opulent friend of mine, who saw the importance of the case, had empowered me to purchase any piece of land suitable to the purpose, which might at any time be on sale. She would either take ground-rent for the portions to be built upon, let or sell it by the half acre, or quarter acre, or as might be desired. My benevolent Quaker neighbour, moreover, reminded me that the best portion of such ground would be in request for gardens till wanted for building on; and that, if not sought for this purpose, he would himself pay a handsome rent for any cultivable portion. All now went on rapidly to the critical point of establishing the society. The people chose their trustees and their committee, made a wide inquiry into the terms and proceedings of similar societies elsewhere, and framed their rules. We got the rules certified by the government actuary, to place our society under the protection of the law; and when that was done—which was not till after many weeks,—met with happy faces to transact the business of the first pay night. Some things had happened which had spread gloom over the whole place; but they tended to encourage our project, and we were all looking forward to the completion of our term of thirteen years as one which would testify to a vast change in the health, morals, and fortunes of Ambleside. If we lived to the end of thirteen years, we hoped to see a hamlet of thirty or forty wholesome dwellings adjoining the hillside. We hoped that the labouring man would have the comfort of privacy in his lodging, and whole families the enjoyment of decency in their dwelling. We hoped that the young married couple might go to a home of their own earning; actually their own, without

any rent to pay; and that the governess and the shopman, and the maid-servant might, before middle life, find themselves the owners of a property yielding rent which, laid by to accumulate, would go far to provide for their latter years. Such hopes appear to us now as reasonable as ever, but to be certain of this we must await the lapse of the thirteen years.

During the weeks required for the maturing of this project, there were other things to be done. The people who were sighing in disease, and groaning under bereavement of those they loved best, still did not know how to seek and promote health. But they were willing and anxious to hear what was known. They came together, week after week, to hear how true it is that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made;" to hear the stories (of which no one ever tires) of the plague-visitations of former centuries, and of the ravages of cholera in our own time; to hear what the conditions of health are, and how far our life is truly in our own hands; to hear how drunkards die by abuse of the stomach and nervous system; and how, by abuse of the nervous system and the brain, lunatic asylums are filled. Under the hearing of these things they would sit immovable for an hour and a half at a time. Under the hearing of these things the notorious

poacher and night vagabond would turn white, and sink his head upon his knees; and the young tippler would stagger out and faint upon the threshold. Matters have mended since then. We have a local Board of Health, which watches the drains, and pounces upon every nuisance; and meetings have been held, and large subscriptions have been made for building a new church,—partly for the sake of a new place of burial. Some of us are hoping, however, that there may be enough of delay to place us under an expected Act of Parliament, whereby we may be compelled to choose our burial-ground away from places of human resort;—some sweet breezy spot, perhaps, among the hills, where the dead need no longer be the fatal enemies of the living.

Some of my neighbours have still other hopes also. Seeing how we all like to meet in the evenings of the winter half-year, when no strangers are in the place, and the shop-keepers can put up their shutters early, we begin to think of expanding and varying these meetings in the school-house, and if we do so, it may happen that while some existing dwellings will have ceased to command rents, and will be assigned to the pigs, or demolished, the ale-houses may be exhibiting their attractions to empty benches.

GREET A.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

BY MRS. CLARA MORETON MOORE.

ALL day long I've mourned his absence—
All the day I've watched in vain—
Looking down the dreary hillside,
And across the lonely plain.

Now the herds are straying homewards,
One by one adown the vale;
And my eyes are dim with watching,
And my cheeks with fear are pale.

Heavy clouds, with soils of purple,
Glide along the eastern sky,
Freighted with the sunset's arrows,
And with gold no wealth can buy.

In the west, by yon blue mountain,
Sinks the mighty one to rest;
While the clouds, in arches looming,
Look like pathways for the blessed—

Pathways paved with rubies glowing,
Massive gates of burnished gold,
Walls of amber, from which banners
Float in heavy, gorgeous fold.

But they vanish with my dreaming—
Paths, and gates, and walls no more!
E'en the banners fade from crimson
To the hue they wore before.

Now the stars, in gentle glory,
Look upon me from the skies;
But they seem too cold and placid,
When I think of Rudolph's eyes.

Wherefore lingers my beloved?
Tell me, oh ye stars of night!
Answer to the heart that yearneth
For his deep eyes' loving light!

Ah! in vain, in vain I question!
Mortal form may not be told—
Mortal lips may not hold converse
With the changeless stars of old!

Cease, my heart!—be still repining!
God will care for thee and thine;
Trust in Him—His love believing—
Trust in Him—and ask no sign!

THE POETIC PRINCIPLE.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

OF EDGAR A. POE.

IN speaking of the Poetic Principle, I have no design to be either thorough or profound. While discussing, very much at random, the essentiality of what we call Poetry, my principal purpose will be to cite for consideration, some few of those minor English or American poems which best suit my own taste, or which, upon my own fancy, have left the most definite impression. By "minor poems" I mean, of course, poems of little length. And here, in the beginning, permit me to say a few words in regard to a somewhat peculiar principle, which, whether rightfully or wrongfully, has always had its influence in my own critical estimate of the poem. I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms.

I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.

There are, no doubt, many who have found difficulty in reconciling the critical dictum that the "Paradise Lost" is to be devoutly admired throughout, with the absolute impossibility of maintaining for it, during perusal, the amount of enthusiasm which that critical dictum would demand. This great work, in fact, is to be regarded as poetical, only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of Art, Unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its Unity—its totality of effect or impression—we read it (as would be necessary) at a single sitting, the result is but a constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of what we feel to be true poetry, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical pre-judgment can force us to admire; but if, upon completing the work, we read it again, omitting the first book—that is to say, commencing with the

second—we shall be surprised at now finding that admirable which we before condemned—that damnable which we had previously so much admired. It follows from all this that the ultimate, aggregate, or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun, is a nullity:—and this is precisely the fact.

In regard to the Iliad, we have, if not positive proof, at least very good reason for believing it intended as a series of lyrics; but, granting the epic intention, I can say only that the work is based in an imperfect sense of art. The modern epic is, of the supposititious ancient model, but an inconsiderate and blindfold imitation. But the day of these artistic anomalies is over. If, at any time, any very long poem were popular in reality, which I doubt, it is at least clear that no very long poem will ever be popular again.

That the extent of a poetical work is, *ceteris paribus*, the measure of its merit, seems undoubtedly, when we thus state it, a proposition sufficiently absurd—yet we are indebted for it to the Quarterly Reviews. Surely there can be nothing in mere *size*, abstractly considered—there can be nothing in mere *bulk*, so far as a volume is concerned, which has so continuously elicited admiration from these saturnine pamphlets! A mountain, to be sure, by the mere sentiment of physical magnitude which it conveys, *does* impress us with a sense of the sublime—but no man is impressed after *this* fashion by the material grandeur of even "The Columbiad." Even the Quarterlies have not instructed us to be so impressed by it. *As yet*, they have not *insisted* on our estimating Lamartine by the cubic foot, or Pollock by the pound—but what else are we to *infer* from their continual prating about "sustained effort?" If, by "sustained effort," any little gentleman has accomplished an epic, let us frankly commend him for the effort—if this indeed be a thing commendable—but let us forbear praising the epic on the effort's account. It is to be hoped that common sense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of art, rather by the impression it makes, by the effect it produces, than by the time it took to impress the effect, or by the amount of "sustained effort" which had been found necessary in

effecting the impression. The fact is, that perseverance is one thing, and genius quite another; nor can all the Quarterlies in Christendom confound them. By and by, this proposition, with many which I have been just urging, will be received as self-evident. In the mean time, by being generally condemned as falsities, they will not be essentially damaged as truths.

On the other hand, it is clear that a poem may be improperly brief. Undue brevity degenerates into mere epigrammatism. A *very* short poem, while now and then producing a brilliant or vivid, never produces a profound or enduring effect. There must be the steady pressing down of the stamp upon the wax. De Béranger has wrought innumerable things, pungent and spirit-stirring; but, in general, they have been too imponderous to stamp themselves deeply into the public attention; and thus, as so many feathers of fancy, have been blown aloft only to be whistled down the wind.

A remarkable instance of the effect of undue brevity in depressing a poem—in keeping it out of the popular view—is afforded by the following exquisite little Serenade.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart.
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

Very few, perhaps, are familiar with these lines—yet no less a poet than Shelley is their author. Their warm, yet delicate and ethereal imagination will be appreciated by all—but by none so thoroughly as by him who has himself arisen from sweet dreams of one beloved, to bathe in the aromatic air of a southern midsummer night.

One of the finest poems by Willis—the very best, in my opinion, which he has ever written—has, no doubt, through this same defect of undue brevity, been kept back from

its proper position, not less in the critical than in the popular view.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honour charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honoured well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed away!

In this composition we find it difficult to recognise the Willis who has written so many mere "verses of society." The lines are not only richly ideal, but full of energy; while they breathe an earnestness—an evident sincerity of sentiment—for which we look in vain throughout all the other works of this author.

While the epic mania—while the idea that, to merit in poetry, prolixity is indispensable—has, for some years past, been gradually dying out of the public mind, by mere dint of its own absurdity—we find it succeeded by a heresy too palpably false to be long tolerated, but one which, in the brief period it has already endured, may be said to have accomplished more in the corruption of our Poetical Literature than all its other enemies combined. I allude to the heresy of *The Didactic*. It has been assumed, tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all Poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral; and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged. We Americans, especially, have patronised this happy idea; and we Bostonians, very especially, have developed it in full. We have taken it into our heads that to write a poem simply for the poem's sake, and to acknowledge such to have been our design, would be to confess ourselves radically wanting in the

true Poetic dignity and force:—but the simple fact is, that, would we but permit ourselves to look into our own souls, we should immediately there discover that under the sun there neither exists nor *can* exist any work more thoroughly dignified—more supremely noble than this very poem—this poem *per se*—this poem which is a poem and nothing more—this poem written solely for the poem's sake.

With as deep a reverence for the True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would, nevertheless, limit, in some measure, its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of Truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All *that* which is so indispensable in Song, is precisely all *that* with which *she* has nothing whatever to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox, to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a truth, we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. *He* must be blind, indeed, who does not perceive the radical and chasmal differences between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

Dividing the world of mind into its three most immediately obvious distinctions, we have the Pure Intellect, Taste, and the Moral Sense. I place Taste in the middle, because it is just this position, which, in the mind, it occupies. It holds intimate relations with either extreme; but from the Moral Sense is separated by so faint a difference that Aristotle has not hesitated to place some of its operations among the virtues themselves. Nevertheless, we find the *offices* of the trio marked with a sufficient distinction. Just as the Intellect concerns itself with Truth, so Taste informs us of the Beautiful while the Moral Sense is regardful of Duty. Of this latter, while Conscience teaches the obligation, and Reason the expediency, Taste contents herself with displaying the charms:—waging war upon Vice solely on the ground of her deformity—her disproportion—her animosity to the fitting, to the appropriate, to the harmonious—in a word, to Beauty.

An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the Beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms, and sounds, and odours, and sentiments amid which he exists. And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or

the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colours, and odours, and sentiments, a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights, and sounds, and odours, and colours, and sentiments, which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us—but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by Poetry—or when by Music, the most entrancing of the Poetic moods—we find ourselves melted into tears—we weep then—not as the Abbate Gravina supposes—through excess of pleasure, but through a certain, petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now*, wholly, here on earth, at once and for ever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses.

The struggle to apprehend the supernal Loveliness—this struggle, on the part of souls fittingly constituted—has given to the world all *that* which it (the world) has ever been enabled at once to understand and *to feel* as poetic.

The Poetic Sentiment, of course, may develop itself in various modes—in Painting, in Sculpture, in Architecture, in the Dance—very especially in Music—and very peculiarly, and with a wide field, in the composition of the Landscape Garden. Our present theme, however, has regard only to its manifestation in words. And here let me speak briefly on the topic of rhythm. Contenting myself with the certainty that Music, in its various modes of metre, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in Poetry as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is simply silly who declines its assistance, I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality. It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired with the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal Beauty. It *may* be, indeed, that here this sublime end

is, now and then, attained *in fact*. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which *cannot* have been unfamiliar to the angels. And thus there can be little doubt that in the union of Poetry with Music in its popular sense, we shall find the widest field for the Poetic development. The old Bards and Minnesingers had advantages which we do not possess—and Thomas Moore, singing his own songs, was, in the most legitimate manner, perfecting them as poems.

To recapitulate, then:—I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience, it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth.

A few words, however, in explanation. *That* pleasure which is at once the most pure, the most elevating, and the most intense, is derived, I maintain, from the contemplation of the Beautiful. In the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement, *of the soul*, which we recognise as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, or from Passion, which is the excitement of the heart. I make Beauty, therefore—using the word as inclusive of the sublime—I make Beauty the province of the poem, simply because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring as directly as possible from their causes:—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation in question is at least *most readily* attainable in the poem. It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they may subserve, incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work:—but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that *Beauty* which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem.

I cannot better introduce the few poems which I shall present for your consideration, than by the citation of the Præm to Mr. Longfellow's "Waif:"

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an Eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
As they silently steal away.

With no great range of imagination, these lines have been justly admired for their delicacy of expression. Some of the images are very effective. Nothing can be better than—

—The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time.

The idea of the last quatrain is also very effective. The poem, on the whole, however, is chiefly to be admired for the graceful *insouciance* of its metre, so well in accordance with the character of the sentiments, and especially for the *ease* of the general manner. This "ease," or naturalness, in a literary style, it has long been the fashion to regard as ease in appearance alone—as a point of really difficult attainment. But not so:—a natural manner is difficult only to him who should never meddle with it—to the unnatural. It is but the result of writing with the understanding, or with the instinct, that *the tone*, in composition, should always be that which the mass of mankind would adopt—and must perpetually vary, of course, with the occasion. The author who, after the fashion of "The North American Re-

view," should be, upon *all* occasions, merely "quiet," must necessarily upon *many* occasions, be simply silly, or stupid; and has no more right to be considered "easy," or "natural," than the Cockney exquisite, or than the sleeping Beauty in the wax-works.

Among the minor poems of Bryant, none has so much impressed me as the one which he entitles "June." I quote only a portion of it:

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts at noon,
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what, if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

The rhythmical flow, here, is even voluptuous—nothing could be more melodious. The poem has always affected me in a remarkable manner. The intense melancholy which seems to well up, perforce, to the surface of all the poet's cheerful sayings about his grave, we find thrilling us to the soul—while there is the truest poetic elevation in the thrill. The impression left is one of a pleasurable sadness.

And if, in the remaining compositions which I shall introduce to you, there be more or less of a similar tone always apparent, let me remind you that (how or why we know not) this certain tint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty. It is, nevertheless,

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

The taint of which I speak is clearly perceptible even in a poem so full of brilliancy and spirit as the "Health" of Edward Coote Pinkney:

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth they stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

It was the misfortune of Mr. Pinkney to have been born too far south. Had he been a New Englander, it is probable that he would have been ranked as the first of American lyrists, by that magnanimous cabal which has so long controlled the destinies of American Letters, in conducting the thing called "The North American Review." The poem just cited is especially beautiful; but the poetic elevation which it induces, we must refer chiefly to our sympathy in the poet's enthusiasm. We pardon his hyperboles for the evident earnestness with which they are uttered.

It was by no means my design, however, to expatiate upon the *merits* of what I should read you. These will necessarily speak for themselves. Boccacini, in his "Advertisements from Parnassus," tells us that Zoilus once presented Apollo a very caustic criticism upon a very admirable book:—whereupon the god

asked him for the beauties of the work. He replied that he only busied himself about the errors. On hearing this, Apollo, handing him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, bade him pick out *all the chaff* for his reward.

Now this fable answers very well as a hit at the critics—but I am by no means sure that the god was in the right. I am by no means certain that the true limits of the critical duty are not grossly misunderstood. Excellence, in a poem especially, may be considered in the light of an axiom, which need only be properly *put*, to become self-evident. It is *not* excellence if it require to be demonstrated as such:—and thus, to point out too particularly the merits of a work of Art, is to admit that they are *not* merits altogether.

Among the "Melodies" of Thomas Moore, is one whose distinguished character as a poem proper, seems to have been singularly left out of view. I allude to his lines beginning—"Come, rest in this bosom." The intense energy of their expression is not surpassed by anything in Byron. There are two of the lines in which a sentiment is conveyed that embodies the *all in all* of the divine passion of love—a sentiment which, perhaps, has found its echo in more, and in more passionate, human hearts than any other single sentiment ever embodied in words:

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and
shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

It has been the fashion, of late days, to deny Moore imagination, while granting him fancy—a distinction originating with Coleridge, than whom no man more fully comprehended the great powers of Moore. The fact is, that the fancy of this poet so far predominates over all his other faculties, and over the fancy of all other men, as to have induced, very naturally, the idea that he is fanciful *only*. But never was there a greater mistake. Never was a grosser wrong done the fame of a true poet. In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly—more weirdly *imaginative*, in the best sense, than the lines commencing—"I would I were by that dim lake,"—which are the composition of Thomas

Moore. I regret that I am unable to remember them.

One of the noblest—and, speaking of fancy, one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets, was Thomas Hood. His "Fair Ines" had always, for me, an inexpressible charm.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines;
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more?

"The Haunted House," by the same author, is one of the truest poems ever written—one of the *truest*—one of the most unexceptionable—one of the most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and in its execution. It is, moreover, powerfully ideal—imaginative. I regret that its length renders it unsuitable for the purposes of this Lecture. In place of it, permit me to offer the universally appreciated "Bridge of Sighs."

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly Importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;—
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it,—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

The vigour of this poem is no less remarkable than its pathos. The versification, although carrying the fanciful to the very verge of the fantastic, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the wild insanity which is the thesis of the poem.

Among the minor poems of Lord Byron, is one which has never received from the critics the praise which it undoubtedly deserves:

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me:
 They may crush, but they shall not condemn—
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
 'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,—
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one—
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that which I most cherished
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Although the rhythm, here, is one of the most difficult, the versification could scarcely be improved. No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while, in his adversity, he still retains the unwavering love of woman.

From Alfred Tennyson—although in perfect sincerity I regret him as the noblest poet that ever lived—I have left myself time to cite only a very brief specimen. I call him, and *think* him the noblest of poets—not because the impressions he produces are, at *all* times, the most profound—not because the poetical excitement which he induces is, at *all* times, the most intense—but because it *is*, at all times, the most ethereal—in other words, the most elevating and the most pure. No poet is so little of the earth, earthy. What I am about to read is from his last long poem, “The Princess:”

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Thus, although in a very cursory and imperfect manner, I have endeavoured to convey to you my conception of the Poetic Principle. It has been my purpose to suggest that, while this Principle itself is, strictly and simply, the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in an *elevating excitement of the Soul*—quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart—or of that Truth which is the satisfaction of the Reason. For, in regard to Passion, alas! its tendency is to degrade, rather than to elevate the Soul. Love, on the contrary—Love—the true, the divine Eros—the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetical themes. And in regard to Truth—if, to be sure, through the attainment of a truth, we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before, we experience, at once, the true poetical effect—but this effect is referable to the harmony alone, and not in the least degree to the truth which merely served to render the harmony manifest.

We shall reach, however, more immediately a distinct conception of what the true Poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the Poet himself the true poetical effect. He recognises the ambrosia which nourishes his soul; in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain-fields—in the slanting of tall, Eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds—in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks—in the gleaming of silver rivers—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds—in the harp of Æolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the woods—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odour that comes to him, at eventide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step—in the lustre of her eye—in the melody of her voice—in her soft laughter—in her sigh—in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He

deeply feels it in her winning endearments—in her burning enthusiasms—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurance—but above all—ah, far above all—he kneels to it—he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty—of her *love*.

Let me conclude—by the recitation of yet another brief poem—one very different in character from any that I have before quoted. It is by Motherwell, and is called “The Song of the Cavalier.” With our modern and altogether rational ideas of the absurdity and impiety of warfare, we are not precisely in that frame of mind best adapted to sympathize

with the sentiments, and thus to appreciate the real excellence of the poem. To do this fully, we must identify ourselves, in fancy, with the soul of the old cavalier.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.

No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt is in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

DEATH-BED OF SCHILLER.

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

It was a spring eventide at Weimar. Weimar—the Athens of Germany, the city of Goethe and Wieland and Herder, with many other names of noble interest;—and here, five-and-forty years ago this blessed May, Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller lay dying! No, no, not dying! the large, deep, earnest heart cannot die, although the tabernacle, in which it has had its abode for a while, crumble helplessly into earth! It lives in its great thoughts, counsels, and devices—it lives in the mighty words it has uttered, in the arduous labours it has achieved. And though in the revolution of the vast cycles of Time, these thoughts, utterances, and works in detail, may disappear or be forgotten, yet have their latent glory-sparks enkindled other hearts, and warmed and quickened other generations which, in their turn transmit the vestal fire to gifted natures which still succeed them. Such a mind was that of Moses, aside from the “inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding;” such were Luther, and Bunyan, and Milton; such too was the man who was putting off his mortal vesture on a sweet spring eventide at Weimar!

Disease had followed Schiller long and sorely; but with the grapple of a Titan, the instinctive energy of Genius had often overmastered infirmity; but this May sunset found the spirit and the flesh no longer at war—that which belonged to earth was now to be relinquished, that which belonged to Heaven, to Time, and to posterity, was to put on its robes of immortality!

His great tasks were finished, but Genius stops not there; other and greater were conceived and commenced, and he regrets his

languor and pain because these must be interrupted; and while daily hoping to find healing, he is daily sinking, sinking, sinking! At length the great intellect is clouded, and he moans and raves piteously; then the mist disperses, and a clear, mental sunshine appears again. He talks calmly of Death, he feels it approaching, and yet fears no evil. “Death cannot be an evil,” he says, “for evil is not universal, and death is so!” It is but a transition state—a bridge high and dry, but dark enough, over a still darker and gloomier stream, to the fair pasture-land of Heaven. The sweet thoughts he has long ago “married to immortal verse” dwell in his heart and on his lips.

“Aloft I see a fair dominion,
Through Time and Change, all vernal still;
But where the power, or what the pinion,
To gain that ever blooming hill?

“To suns that shine for ever yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee—
The very winds that there may wander,
How healing must their breathing be!

“But lo! between us rolls a river,
O'er which the wrathful tempest raves;
I feel the soul within me shiver,
To gaze upon its gloomy waves!”

But his faith can discern a “rocking boat,” and can “trust the breath that swells its sails.”

It is in the hours of slumber that sometimes the questioning spirit finds strangely satisfactory revealings of the Unseen—the clearest, the highest, the noblest conceptions of the Infinite and Unsearchable. Thus it was with the subject of our sketch in these last lan-

guishing days. His intensely active imagination, to use his own language, "ever on the upward path," found marvellously solacing contemplations of Eternity, even in the broken sleep of a sick couch—correcting perchance some of the crude notions which our blind humanity is apt to form of the after state; divesting it, may be, of sensual attributes and circumstances, and placing it in the focal point of spiritual perception.

"Is that your hell? is that your heaven?" exclaimed he, while a lofty surprise irradiated his slumbering countenance; and then awaking to recall and meditate upon the vision, he remarked to a fond and observant friend, "Now all is so clear—life is so clear and plain!" Ah yes, Schiller, it indeed needs a glance undistorted by the belongings of a fleshly existence to make life thus "clear and plain!" The media through which the spirit, fettered to its earthly tabernacle, must look onward and upward are changeful and refrangible, and like the blind beggar, when the light breaks in thus scantily and dimly, we see "men as trees walking." We have no clear, large, comprehending views of the only Living One and True—of his amazing attributes and government, of his wonderful works and ways. But, thanks to his good name, with Hope, and Faith, and Truth in the soul, we may yet "see as we are seen, and know as we are known!"

The domestic relations of our great Suabian poet were remarkably congenial. He never borrowed that witty and caustic figure of Pegasus in harness ploughing wearily beside an ox,

"Until worn out the eye grows dim,
The sinews fail the foundered limb—
The good steed droops—the strife is past,
He drops amid the mire at last!"

from his own household experience, as full many an ill-mated genius might aptly do. This gentle light burned at his death-pillow with a soft brilliancy, which the oil of deep and enduring affection alone could supply; and in one of the last upflashings of this home-altar flame the dying Poet asked that his youngest child might be brought to his bedside. It was done, and taking the little hand into his own, now wet with death-dew, he gazed and gazed in her young face till all the father was stirred within him, and he wept agonizingly. Ah, the poor helpless one! There was a masculine energy and courage in his noble boy, "his first born, his gold son Karl," who, though yet in his tender years, gave promise of power to battle bravely with the world; his own spirit could he perceive there—a spirit to do and to dare—a spirit that could not be affrighted from its great

purposes and lofty aims, even by the decree of his sovereign that he should "write no more verses, but confine his studies and efforts to his medical profession."*

But his little maiden, whom a frown could wither, whom a chiding word could terrify, who clung to the parental bosom with such wild earnestness, how should she be fatherless? The boy was fitted by nature for the struggles he must encounter, with or without the heritage of genius; but Meta—his little Von Sengefeld, the transcript of a nature his great heart loved and worshipped—why should not his strong arm, but now in the meridian of manhood, cherish and protect her from the dark storm-gatherings of an unfriendly world? Alas! alas! he was dying too soon! his duties were not yet done! His masterpieces of dramatic poetry, criticism, and history, his glorious songs, his grand ballads and lyrics were written to be sure, and had gained him applause and fame, such as few authors in a lifetime enjoy, and had made classic the language of his Fatherland—but then the dearer, the tenderer offices of life were unperformed! Oh, that Death would delay!

But when does the grim angel of the grave tarry for the reluctance of his victim? The shadow of his wings was already on that noble countenance, and the torpor of dissolution succeeded this sweet episode in the mortal conflict.

Yet he roused himself once more as the tones of affection tremulously asked for his welfare. "Better and better,—calmer and calmer," he replied; "and then he longed to see the sun," says his biographer. The vast, round orb was sinking into the horizon, and his level rays streamed softly over the landscape. They drew the curtains of the death-chamber aside, and he looked serenely on the departing day. In that long and intense gaze he bade farewell to Nature, the great mother who had nurtured, and inspired, and shaped his lofty genius!

After this his voice failed, and he could no more enunciate the sentence which seemed struggling upon his lips. The exhausted organs refused to obey the behest of wish or will, and in despair he signified that he would express himself by writing. The pen was placed in his pale and quivering hand, but it was too late;—a faint, unintelligible scrawl alone bore token of the latest thought of Schiller—his head fell back, and the calm of death overspread his features. It was all over!

* The Grand Duke of Wurtemberg, dissatisfied with some of the first poetical compositions of Schiller, made a restriction of this nature, which, it is needless to say, could not but be disregarded.

COLONEL FREMONT.

BY PROFESSOR RHOADS.

(See Portrait in front.)

SINCE the mission of Him who came into the world to suffer that mankind might find redemption, the three greatest events that have occurred, are connected with the rise and progress of our own happy country;—the discovery of America, the American Revolution, and the establishment of the American empire on the coast of the Pacific Ocean; the last destined to be, in its effects, by no means the least important of the three.

When the announcement was made to the astonished nations of Europe of the existence of a new world far off over the wild waves of the western sea, a new principle introduced into the general mind a new impulse, which changed entirely the industrial relations and habits of the people, and produced effects, even upon the extent and permanency of empires, to which those of the conquests of Macedonia and Greece were but trifles. The overthrow of the Roman power, by the northern barbarians, sinks into insignificance, when its effects are contrasted with those of the enunciation in the Declaration of American Independence, and the practical application in the Constitution of the United States, of the great truths of the brotherhood and equality of man. And now, the discovery of the bright sands and rich rocks of California, and the issue thence of a golden stream to irrigate the nations, is destined to wield a mightier and far more permanent influence than the impulse which raised France to be for a time the mistress of Europe. And not only were these events greater in power than those with which I have compared them, they were also better in kind. On the one hand we find a train of woe and desolation; on the other, of happiness and prosperity. The greatness of the old world was the handmaid of ignorance and tyranny; that of the new led to civilization and liberty. Each great event is personified in a great man of corresponding character. Alexander led Greece and Macedon to conquest; Alaric extinguished the flickering light of Roman refinement; with Napoleon, France "rose, reigned and fell;" Columbus marked a pathway to a new-found world; Washington guided and sustained the patriots who consecrated that world to the advance-

ment of human rights and human welfare; and Frémont lifted the veil which, since time first began, had hidden from view the real El Dorado. I purpose to introduce to the reader a short sketch of the life of the latter; the others belong to past time, and history has made up its record of their deeds.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT was born in South Carolina in January, 1813, and is consequently at this time a few months over thirty-seven years of age. When he was but four years old he was left an orphan by the death of his father, who, as the name indicates, was a native of France. The direction of his education, therefore, devolved entirely upon his mother, and his career in active life has shown that she lacked neither inclination nor ability to direct it aright. Notwithstanding her limited means, she managed to support her son at Charleston College, where he distinguished himself by his industry and upright deportment. He graduated in 1830. About this time he became a teacher of Mathematics, and found means, not only for his own support, but also to contribute to that of his mother and her family. While discharging faithfully the arduous and responsible duties which were incumbent upon him as teacher, he still found time to attend to those of a student; and with that indomitable energy and perseverance which have marked his whole career, he devoted every leisure moment to perfecting himself in the science of civil engineering. In this pursuit, he was aided by the natural bent of his mind and talents peculiarly adapted to the subject. Having attracted the attention and secured the confidence and support of men of influence, he obtained the situation of assistant to Nicolle in the survey of the country around the head waters of the Mississippi. In this work he was engaged about four years, during the first half of the time in the arduous but interesting labours of the field, collecting information, making surveys, observations, &c., and during the last half in digesting and arranging the matter collected, and in preparing an accurate and valuable map of the country. He had now added practice to theory, and experience to enthusiasm and love of adventure. He

had prepared himself for those great and wonderful expeditions and scientific researches by which he has since acquired imperishable renown.

The first of these expeditions he made in 1842, under the authority of the United States. At the head of a small party of frontiersmen, he entered the wilds west of Missouri and Iowa, and pursued his course to the Rocky Mountains. The main object of this expedition was to discover and explore a more practicable route over them than was then known. In this he was completely successful; and the comparative ease with which thousands of pilgrims to the golden shrines of California have passed in safety through the mountain barrier, testifies to the correctness of his judgment in pointing out the South Pass as the proper place, and to the care and skill with which he explored and laid down the route. Upon his return, he prepared a report replete with the most valuable information, not only respecting the geography of the country through which he had passed, but also in relation to its climate, to its geological characteristics, to the principal points of its military susceptibilities, locations for forts, &c., to its mineral wealth, to its rich grasses and its beautiful flowers—contributions in short new and valuable to almost every department of science. This report was printed by the Senate of the United States, and has since been translated into various foreign languages, attracting attention and admiration from the learned in every quarter of the globe.

With men of Frémont's energy and enthusiasm, success acts merely as a stimulant to further exertion. As soon therefore as one expedition is concluded, we find him planning another more extensive and more hazardous. In the spring of 1843, he started upon his grand expedition, which has gained for himself the gratitude of the votaries of science everywhere, and for his country the great gold-bearing region of the west. His orders directed him to co-operate with the naval exploring expedition under Wilkes, in making a scientific examination of the basin of the Columbia River, the upper districts being allotted to him, and the tide-water regions to Wilkes. In May he left the frontiers of Missouri, and scaling the mountains south of the South Pass, followed the windings of Bear River, until, in September, he arrived at the Great Salt Lake. Despite the warnings of the Indians, who imagined, that as the lake had no outlet for its waters, a great whirlpool must exist in the centre, he and his companions trusted themselves upon its waters in a frail boat of Indian-rubber cloth, and spent a night upon one of its islands, where, doubtless, foot of man had never trod before. Upon the shores of this in-

land sea, the poor persecuted Mormons, driven by violence from their hard-earned possessions in Illinois, established their city of refuge, about four years after the visit of the gallant Frémont. After occupying about a week in making such partial exploration of this strange and interesting region as the lateness of the season would permit, our explorers pursued their course through Oregon, making the observations directed by the government orders, and in November arrived at Fort Vancouver, the goal of their journey. The active mind of Frémont could not endure the thought of returning upon the same track. He determined to seek new scenes and discoveries through the vast region to the south of him, of which fable had told such wonders, but where civilized man had never penetrated, and of which the only sources of knowledge heretofore had been the wild and romantic but often contradictory stories of the Utah and his kindred races, and of the half-blood hunters who frequented Fort Hall.

Our adventurers, twenty-five in number, accordingly plunged without hesitation into the wilderness. They feared not. The men had confidence in Frémont, and he, under God, had confidence in himself. Nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly the varied powers of his mind, and his fertility in resources, than the success of this expedition, undertaken at the approach, and executed in the depth of winter. Of the sway which he exercised over the minds of his men, we need no better evidence than the fact that they bore all the trials, the sufferings, and the hazards of this winter journey, almost without a murmur. For nine months the little band and its noble leader were unheard of by their friends. Many a heart ached with doubt, and many a lip paled with apprehension for the fate of a husband, a brother, or a son, thus daring unknown perils. At length the news of their safety, and of their glorious achievements, sent a thrill of joy through the hearts, not only of their immediate relatives, but also of the whole nation. Three thousand five hundred miles had the weary wayfarers travelled. They had crossed the mighty, snowy Sierra, they had explored the wonderful valley through which roll the golden floods of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, they had skirted the great interior basin of California, and examined its prominent features, and they had returned in safety to their happy homes, proud of themselves, and proud of their beloved leader. Immediately after his return, Frémont proceeded to Washington, to submit his report, and to prepare it for publication. When the war broke out between the United States and Mexico, it found him again on the shores of the Pacific. He had entrusted the oversight of the publication of his great report

to other hands, and sought again the country of his many labours, for the purpose of exploring the western slope of the mountains which lie between the Sacramento valley and the Pacific. The limits of this article will not admit of even a condensed account of his services during the war. Suffice it to say, they were but ill rewarded. "He had been explorer, conqueror, peacemaker, governor in California; and, the victim of a quarrel between two commanders, like Columbus, he was brought home a prisoner." Being condemned by a court-martial, he refused indignantly a proffered pardon, and determined to continue his explorations with his own resources, and as a private individual. He set out to seek for a favourable road to San Francisco. Overtaken

by terrible snow-storms among the mountains, he lost all his mules, and many of his men, and arrived at Santa Fe in the most destitute and suffering condition. Still he did not despair. The assistance of the honest frontiersmen, enabled him to pursue his journey, and after surmounting every difficulty, he again arrived in the valley of the Sacramento. He now, for the first time in his life, began to look well to his own interest, and in a few years he has amassed great wealth. He did not, however, devote himself wholly to gain, but found time to render valuable aid in organization of the noble young Pacific state, which has evinced her gratitude and her confidence by appointing him one of her first two Senators to the Congress of our country.

SUMMER RECREATION.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

THE season of returning to town is apt to be the time when we ask ourselves why we ever go away. Home looks so delightful after absence; the joyous faces of meeting friends so cheer our hearts, and lift our spirits above the influence of fatigue and care, that we sometimes think it has been foolish to leave all these pleasant things, to wander over the face of the earth, to lie in strange beds, to toss on uneasy seas, to endure the company of strangers, to renounce one's favourite employments, and, above all, to relinquish the society of those whose society is the chief pleasure of life to us. Very wise people reproach us with all this; they say, what we cannot deny, that we should have been much more comfortable at home; that our own houses are more comfortable than hotels, our own beds than steamboat berths, our own dinners than any that we shall find elsewhere. These sensible remarks make us quite ashamed of our wanderings, perhaps. Comfort is so much the business of life with most of us that we are quite sensitive to the reproach of having mistaken the way to it. The reasons for going are less obvious than the reasons for staying, and the joy of returning makes us feel them with peculiar force.

But do we remember that this joy of reunion and return is purchased by the absence and the journey, with all their trials and inconveniences, and could not have been felt without them? Iteration wears out even our best pleasures; emotions are not to be summoned at

will; the home that we have never left is not the home that beams upon us after a temporary renunciation. Love our friends as we may, we love them better after we have lost sight of them for a while. Our employments tire, even in proportion to the ardour with which we pursue them, and their zest is only renewable on condition of some intervals of complete repose or change of object. So that for the mere purchase of intenser pleasure, it is worth while to refrain for a time; but there are stronger reasons for summer jaunting.

Supposing that our life has only a certain fixed amount of power, and that both happiness and duty command us to make the most of this power for the work that is given us to do, seasons of complete change and relaxation, even of new fatigue and voluntary privation in unaccustomed directions, must be advantageous to our bodily and mental condition, since aching heads and pinched and anxious hearts often admonish us that too long perseverance in a single track is not congenial to so varied a nature as ours. Even the unbroken enjoyment of home luxuries and ease, is conducive to anything but strength, either of character or muscles. City life, especially, is notoriously unfavourable to vigorous and enduring health; its excitements tend, more through their ceaselessness than their intensity, perhaps, to insanity and premature decay, or sudden failure of the energies of nature. We are not of those who believe city life to be necessarily unwholesome.

It would be so to animals, doubtless; but man's bodily condition depends so much upon ample and judicious exercise of his mental and moral faculties, that some of the disadvantages of too close contact with others, and of employments more sedentary than those which are favourable to perfect health, are probably counteracted by the more wholesome uses he may make of brain and heart when surrounded by fellow-beings than when in comparative solitude. Such a country life as we can imagine, might indeed unite all advantages—but we are talking of the actual, and not of the ideal.

Perhaps the best way of making the most of life is that which is practised by so many of our citizens—living in the full town and partaking of all its intellectual excitements and means of culture, its cheering social amusements, its varied human interests and religious instruction, for the colder part of the year, while the fireside is so cosy and delightful; and in the summer, learning a new chapter of life, finding out a new set of powers, associating with a new round and variety of character, discovering the ideas of other people on subjects on which we might suppose there could be but one way of thinking, and, in short, making ourselves as much new creatures as possible, with a continual reserve of our old habits and a constant tendency and desire to return to them. To say nothing of the wholesomeness of fresh air and hardy exercise—the last a theme hardly to be mentioned to ears polite, in a country where it is not fashionable to be strong—this way of parcelling out life is certainly defensible, to say the least. One thing is certain—that those who have most thoroughly and rationally practised it are best prepared to defend it.

The question as to how and where the summer is to be spent, is quite another one. To some, the plain farm-house, with the early voices of birds and the humbler noise of the farm-yard, new milk for the children, tumbling in hay-mows and riding without saddle for stout boys, and a thousand pretty country sports for little girls; long walks, and rides, and fishing excursions for the elder, and shaded seats at noon, and pleasant windows at sunset for all, afford the needful change. To others, the sea-shore, with its variety and its sameness, its refreshing surf and its moonlight beach, is more congenial, and braces the limbs and spirits better. Others long for the excitement of watering places to balance the excitement of the city, as he whose hands have become shaky with brandy must have his coffee very strong to steady his nerves. Others again dream of the novelties and wonders of foreign lands, and seek the verification of their ideal at the expense of a long sea-voyage, and the encounter of strange people and

strange tongues. All this while, the wise shake their heads and congratulate themselves upon being comfortable at home.

The money that is expended in this summer change, is a prominent objection with most of those who condemn it. They speak as if they, or any of us, lived by the law of necessity, and never spent anything that could possibly be avoided. But in truth, this is so far from being the case, that these very comfortable people will perhaps spend in the course of the year as extra luxuries for the table, extra expenses in dress, or extra indulgence of some sort, what would pay for the summer recreation twice over. It is simply a question of spending money in one way or the other for pleasure and advantage. Perhaps the home luxuries are as injurious as the jaunt would be beneficial; that is our opinion, but it is not the opinion of every one.

Some years ago, it was rather unusual for people of moderate means to travel in summer. Most of our citizens contented themselves with short trips, or perhaps a few weeks' boarding in the country. But this was when our cities were smaller, our modes of life less unnatural and exhausting, our social ambition less pungent, perhaps our physiological ideas less rational. With great opportunities for acquiring wealth, came great anxiety to acquire it, and with this anxiety, and the success consequent upon it, perhaps, much disease, suffering and premature decay. The wealthy were advised to travel, and soon found reason to be glad they had done so, and their example has encouraged others, who though not wealthy are suffering, to resort to the same remedy, instead of retiring into a sick room and tiring the patience of the dyspepsia doctors.

But shall we all wait until we have a claim to be ranked among the suffering? Does worldly wisdom counsel that? If travelling cures, will it not also have a tendency to prevent disease? Many are beginning to think so, and when they find themselves wearied and overdone, do not sit down till disease has crept over them unawares, but ward it off by refraining from the toil that had threatened to produce it. It used to be quite a proverb with the English and French, that all Americans who came to see them were ill. The remark is no longer appropriate; travelling abroad is no longer confined to the rich and the sick. Health may be still a principal object with many, but it is future health of mind as well as body. Instruction, too, comes in as a leading motive; not instruction in the fashions, but in whatever the study of ages has been able to bring to perfection.

The sea-voyage is still enough of a bugbear with many to render the thought of a visit to Europe distasteful. But there is a considera-

tion which may have some weight against this; it is, that those who cross oftenest feel the inconvenience least. It is at worst very short; a few days, in most cases, suffices for the seasoning of well people; and invalids often find great benefit from the commotion of the system consequent upon uncertain footing.

Our own experience of the sea had been so favourable, that the voyage seemed hardly worthy of a thought when a summer trip was in contemplation. There is a certain excitement about life aboard ship that compensates for some disagreeables, and the sea, with its endless changes of hue and aspect, is always fascinating, even to those who find its swell fatal to their quiet. A fine ship going twelve or fourteen knots under a clear sky, communicates something of her buoyant motion to every heart on board. It is impossible to resist the exhilarating influence, and nobody who can sit up at all can be insensible to it. To be sure one cannot always have this. It will rain sometimes, and sometimes it will blow; but where does it not rain and blow? Our captain says, "Talk of danger at sea! I only wonder how people venture to stay ashore!" Truly, the idea of danger is not apt to enter one's head, any more than in walking along the street, where a brick off a new building or a bite from a mad dog may end one just as easily.

Our voyage, though we had some calm and some fog, was the shortest ever yet made by a sailing packet between New York and Falmouth—something less than fourteen days. Of course this is the beau-ideal of a voyage, and if we could always be sure of such, few except men of business would ever go to England in the steamers, which are, in every other respect but certainty as to time, so much less pleasant. But our own packet experience thus far is quite enough to embolden us for any future transit. Fifteen days to Cape Clear the first voyage, and fourteen to Falmouth the second! Who can ask more? Coming home, which is up hill, as they say, is another matter. Our courage may not be so firm then; but even there, the chances are in our favour. At any rate we shall take care to find an American captain.

Many of the passengers in the Southampton complained that the voyage was too short. They would seriously have much preferred being another week on board; and this was the sentiment not only of invalids who hoped benefit from sea air, but of the young and gay, who enjoyed the evening dance on deck, the moonlight walk, the gay chat of the table, and the incessant fun going on when all is favourable on board a fine ship with plenty of passengers of all ages. We sober people were fain sometimes to hide away from the laughing and singing, but the young far outvoted us

as to numbers, and there was no very serious desire to put a curb upon their merriment.

Our ship was such a wonderful sailer that we had the additional excitement—a feature not "announced in the bills"—of passing everything we overtook—even a steamer, and a Liverpool liner of the first class. The first we left out of sight in about three hours; the last it took us rather longer to distance, which of course made the triumph keener. Every man, woman, and child was on deck watching the race, and the only drawback was that we did it too easily. A great deal of pity—very sincere of course—was expressed for the people on board the other ship, who must be suffering such mortification!

The Southampton made in one day a run of three hundred and seventy English miles—a distance never equalled by any steamer; and her passengers felt, individually and severally, during that day, all the excitement of the winning jockey. It is one of the oddest phases of human nature, the pride and exultation we can experience about a matter in which we have no sort of concern, as if this speed reflected some credit upon ourselves. Let us count it among the good things of a summer-trip, that in idleness we can become children again.

Another good thing about our voyage was the good-will and kindly feeling that grew up among the passengers. We have heard of the ill effects of disturbed bile, and that long voyages try the tempers of the best. But certainly short ones conduce to friendship and affectionate interest, especially under the auspices of a commander fitted both by naturally quick sympathies, abundant good-nature, knowledge of character, and long experience, to introduce cheering and harmonious elements among ever so motley a collection of people from all lands. We could all join heartily in the parting cheer of "Long life to our gallant captain and his noble ship!"

Torquay, Devonshire.

We did our best to slip into England unobserved—by a postern gate, as it were—landing at Torquay in a fishing-smack, and leaving our good ship behind us in a fog, so that nobody could guess where we had come from. But it was in vain; every man, woman and child in the parish was standing on the very edge of the pier to receive us, crowding one upon the other at the imminent peril of a plunge. Jacques Bonhomme, when a thunderstorm came up, just as he was dining off a capon upon a fast-day, said, "All this fuss about a little bit of chicken!" and we felt particularly small as we neared the shore, tired, hungry and shabby, in a boat without a deck, and half loaded with

fish, which were flouncing about among our luggage. The personage known as the skipper, but who looked like anything but skipping, wore a red-striped woollen cap, and a costume altogether more picturesque than fashionable; while his second in command had provided against accidents by marking his name in great white letters—"G. Petheridge,"—all round the bottom of his jacket. By the way, we are apt to fancy that Dickens and other humorous writers invent the odd names which help to characterize their sketches, but England abounds with such names as Snooks, Wiggles, Woakes, Bloor, Snoxell, and a thousand more awkward combinations of the alphabet. Our red-capped skipper was called John Stooks, and he talked in an unknown tongue, until a little custom had shaped our ears to receive his gutturals and chopped consonants, all seeming to burst from his lips very much against his will, not through any disinclination to be agreeable, but through a natural incapacity to produce any but harsh and abrupt sounds. Query.—Is this chopping propensity better or worse than our Yankee drawl? The English would laugh at such a question, since one is theirs and the other ours—which in their opinion settles the matter. Our own impression is that the abrupt English speech sounds more like sincerity, and is, perhaps, the result of greater independence of feeling. Our national tones are modelled, like most other things about us, by our love of approbation. Our drawl is conciliatory. It certainly has a more good-humoured sound than short English, but it is anything but dignified.

Little thought our gruff John Stooks of dignity, however, as he smoked his short black pipe and looked at the slackening sails and the gathering fog. Before we were two miles from our noble ship, and before we had half done admiring her splendid proportions as she glided away under full sail, she faded from our view, and turned into a tall gray cloud, seemingly motionless, while we rocked and tossed, and had to tack every few minutes to catch the perverse breeze. The coast of Devonshire, which had loomed out so green and clear on our longing eyes that we thought we could reach it in an hour, now retired behind a veil much thicker than gauze, leaving us no prospect but that of spending the day among the fishes, though not exactly in their native element. Grim looks began to be exchanged. The ship, all life and beauty; her grand swells of sail flashing in the sun; the rows of kind faces that smiled their adieus and good wishes as we were whipped over the side and hung swaying over the great deep—all came back with the distinctness of one of conscience's daguerreotypes, and when we looked on the scene about us, and at the dull old skipper, we

began to entertain very serious doubts whether we had not been hasty in abandoning the comfortable Southampton and her *ne plus ultra* of a captain for this forlorn little ark and the chance—a slender one, as it seemed—of standing on English ground earlier than our fellow-passengers. We had landed some gentlemen the day before, at Falmouth, (only fourteen days from New York,) and this feat had fired the rash imaginations of those of us who had but a limited time to spend in the old world. How fascinating! to find one's self walking about in England on the fifteenth day, with no obligations to a mechanical tea-kettle! It was too much for our prudence, and here we were!

Mysterious whispers began to go round, as if somebody had started a suspicion that John Stooks and George Petheridge were but the peaceable assumed names of dreadful pirates, who intended to serve us, as they evidently had very little scruple in serving the fish that shared the boat with us and our trunks—an ominous word, that!—or perhaps only intended mildly to tie us while they rifled our luggage! It became evident, however, that the question which excited such gloomy interest related only to the supplies. Had *anybody* thought of provisions for a day's meandering about the almost glassy sea that was now spreading around us? It is notorious that what is everybody's business is nobody's, and as we had wildly thought of being on shore in two hours, there was no knowing what horrid gnawings and faintnesses were in store for us under present circumstances. Diligent search, however, brought to light a napkin done up rather promisingly, which was found to contain some bread and ham, thrown after us by the providence of the mate, who probably read the signs of the time better than we. But, as if to punish us for our sin of haste, he had refrained from adding anything in potable shape, and we had already ascertained that there was no water on board the smack but that which John Stooks and George Petheridge drank alternately from the spout of a large iron tea-kettle, which they raised to their lips with a dexterity that bespoke long habit. (Smack indeed!) To eat ham where there was no water would be highly imprudent; to eat dry bread under the same circumstances very difficult. So here was provision for an involuntary fast, with leisure to think over all our misdoings.

Gentlemen and ladies "who lie at home at ease" may think, perhaps, that we must needs become very low-spirited under all these privations. Not a bit of it! Drinking is not essential to hilarity, whatever some people—Mr. C. Dickens included—may suppose. As for eating, we all know it tends to dulness. So

we were wondrous merry, nibbling sea-biscuit as a remedy for thirst, and now and then venturing on a bit of ham, to guard against starvation. And there we were, nine mortal hours, sitting on our portmanteaux, over which the gallant Col. H. had spread his great military cloak; with dressing-cases and *sacs-de-nuit* for footstools; driven off our nest every little while by the swing of the boom, but settling down again very contentedly after the manœuvre was completed. The gentlemen had their cigars at the bow; two adventurers betook themselves to the small boat and rowed about in the hot sun to cheat the hours; a little singing was attempted, but it was rather quavery, and conversation gradually settled itself upon one topic, the chances of getting in!

Lovelier weather could not be. As we neared the coast,—for near it we did, after many tackings, the fog was left behind, and the beautiful hills of Devonshire, lighted up by the descending sun, gleamed like gardens of the blest. A few isolated needle-rocks stand out from the shore, black and bare, like—like—oh yes!—like Ethiopian sentinels round the couch of an eastern beauty, adorned with emerald and gold, and overcanopied with glorious azure. The breeze freshened a little towards sunset, so that there was a rippling movement of the water, which had hitherto given back the flagging sail with discouraging truthfulness—as some people give good advice. A steamer passed, but we could not get her to tow us, and we manœuvred about Torbay, undervaluing the sunset scene, which, in a less vulgar moment, would have been enough to repay our trip across the Atlantic.

When we did land, as we were saying some time ago, her Majesty's subjects were thrown into great commotion. The high pier far above our heads was crowded with people looking down upon us with evident doubt as to our origin and designs. Whether they thought we were a handful of adventurers from some distant land come to discover, i. e. take possession of England, in the name of our sovereign, the King of the Cockatoos, or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands, it is impossible to guess, for astonishment produced silence. Nothing was heard but the orders and counter-orders of John Stooks and George Petheridge as they blundered their unmanageable craft into the proper nook at the foot of a great flight of wet stone steps, by which invaders are expected to ascend into Torquay—probably built since the time of William the Third, who took his own steps. When we had climbed to the top, we were forestalled in our intention of taking possession, by being instantly taken possession of by half a score of custom-house myrmidons, who marched us off like a parcel

of frolickers entrapped by the police, to a dark hole at some distance, where a very civil youth examined our luggage, while we stood first on one foot and then on the other, in an impatience for dinner and tea all in one, as preparative for the bed which we needed more than anything. At last we were marched off to our hotel, the runner of which, heading the long file with our smaller articles of baggage, looked so like a beadle or undertaker exercising the duties of his calling, that the scene was irresistibly comic, and the more so by contrast with our seemingly tragical condition.

We went to bed without much caring that we were on one of the loveliest spots in all England; but the next morning's sun revealed to us a scene of natural and cultivated beauty that can hardly be surpassed in its way. Much of the town is built on ridges and natural terraces, looking towards the sea, every house embowered in its groves and shrubberies, and surrounded with all that art can do towards producing perpetual summer. The climate is so mild along these southward exposures, that geraniums endure the winter unhurt; so that a multitude of flowering plants which belong only to the green-house with us, are here common as roses in the open air. There is not an acre of land all round the magnificent sweep of Torbay that is not fit for a villa; the green is of England's deepest and richest, and the prospect seaward and landward unsurpassable. The town lies on the eastern curve, commanding the whole bay, with Brixham on the opposite shore, and the whole expanse of the Channel in front. We drove about for an hour or two, and then bestowed ourselves in the Exeter train, and were whirled off to the old Cathedral town, made so prominent just now by the Broughamical propensities of its Bishop, who, by the bye, spends the summers at a country-seat near Torquay, though he exhibits little effect of the mildness of the climate.

Exeter is embosomed in foliage, and surrounded by charming rural scenery. The remains of the old castle of Rougemont occupy a height within the city, wisely kept as a public promenade, against a side of which rises part of the old wall, so entirely overgrown with ivy, that it looks like a giant hedge. From this eminence a wide expanse of highly cultivated land is within view, and one gets an idea of the richness of English soil from the peculiar depth of the green, which differs quite from that of our country in general, having more blue and less yellow in it. The ordinary green of the United States, and still more that of France, with all her vines, seems a little faded and burnt; while that of England is always fresh and deep, from the humidity of the climate.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The prevailing fashion for the cut of dresses is that the waists are made as long as possible, and the jupes very full, descending very low behind, but rising a little in front for the purpose of showing to advantage the elegance of the chaussure. Sleeves, although varying in length, size, and shape, are always worn open on account of the under-sleeves and the pagodas. The latter, with their long lace accompaniments floating over the hand, are exceedingly pretty. Another point to be noticed in connexion with the open sleeves is the renewed prevalence of the old fashion of wearing bracelets of black velvet riband, and bracelets of red wool knit so as to be an imitation of coral. Very many, especially of the former, are worn. They are fastened round the arm with an oval clasp of steel, or of marcasite, from which two long ends depend. This kind of ornament is so very easily obtained, that it has to our eye rather a common appearance. It must be acknowledged, however, that on many arms the black of the velvet is a good set off to the whiteness of the skin. A corsage, of entirely new aspect, has lately appeared, and promises to meet with favour for some kinds of dresses. It fits smoothly to the shape, is furnished with a busk, and is deeply rounded out *en cœur* in front. Upon the shoulders it is *demi-décolleté*, so as partly to uncover them, and it is lightly rounded out behind. It is also furnished with a *berthe* of the same stuff, cut out into large dents *ruchées*, and following exactly the tour of the corsage. The kinds of *pardessus* are almost infinite: the scarf-mantelets trimmed with wide fringes may, however, be said to predominate. Those of the Pompadour style are also in great request. When intended for young ladies they are generally of white, pink, pearl-gray, and *écru* silks, and are usually profusely ornamented with Gothic patterns, arabesques, &c., formed by silk cord. The lower edge is always finished with beautiful, broad, and very expensive fringe. Many of these *pardessus* are made open over the chest, and fastened at the waist with from two to four buttons. Others do not show the figure so much, being closed at the neck by a bow of riband, or some fancy fastening, and hanging loose over the chest. This latter style is peculiarly suitable for a morning toilette. The *Pardessus Louis XV.* is very recherche, made of Italian *scarabée* (beetle) silk, the shoulder pieces being made deep and progressive, so as to go off to nothing toward the back, decorated all round with deep trimmings, the upper part forming a kind of *veste* with flaps, the under part resembling a short skirt trimmed with broad lace. For full evening dresses many robes are made of tulle, upon which are put volants of Brussels application. The same are often trimmed more simply with volants of the stuff cut in designs. Many also are made of *barège*, decorated with festooned flounces, edged with narrow ruches of silk riband, which give them the appearance of being pinked. For young girls, double jupes of tulle are worn, either simple, or covered with little plaits. White predominates as the most fashionable colour for evening costumes, though pink, blue, and citron are occasionally met with; for other dresses, maroon, sea-green, blue, *pensée*, and lilac are favourites.

FIGURE 1. *Dress for a Little Girl of five or six years.*—Robe of *jaconet*; skirt very short, rose-coloured with designs *perse*. *Canezou* embroidered with a fan-like garland. Collar composed of narrow inserting edged with a volant of broderie *anglaise*. The *basquine* or little skirt is made



FIG. 5.

RIDING COSTUME.

of a volant of the same, very much gathered; the sleeves are brodered at the bottom. The *pantalets* are bordered with similar work, and are scalloped, as is also the *basquine*, in rounded dents. Gaiters of patent leather and unbleached ticking.

FIGURE 2. *Dress for Little Boy, two or three years old.*—Round-crowned cap of Italian straw, with returns at the side, which are fastened in front with a straw bow. Tunic

and pardessus of nankin, edged all round with white cotton galloon. Pantalets short, and edged with broidery anglaise, with long, sharp dents. Gaiters like those in Figure 1.

FIGURE 3. *Dress of a Little Girl of three or four years.*—Straw bonnet trimmed on top, at the junction of the crown and face, with a nœud of blue riband. Strings and small cape of the same. Pardessus of white Marseilles, bordered all round and on the cuffs of the sleeves with a cotton soutache. Robe of blue taffetas, and gaiters matching it in colour. Pantalets short, and edged with narrow lace.

FIGURE 4. *Dress for a Little Boy of seven or eight years.*—Round jacket of dark brown habit cloth. White vest. Tight pants of fine ticking.

FIGURE 5. *Riding Costume.*—Gray felt hat, with broad brim and low crown, trimmed at the right side by a single plume attached at the band, and falling gracefully over the brim. No strings. Habit of *valencais*, chestnut-brown. Skirt only moderately long. Corsage with basques fitting smooth over the hips, and sloped in front so as to open in an inverted V. A revers over the breast and round the neck, forms a very neat collar. The wide opening of the corsage exhibits a handsome chemisette of embroidered muslin, edged with English lace. Sleeves demi-long, and wide below. Under-sleeves open, and trimmed with two rows of lace. Many ladies of good taste wear with this habit a little manteau of cloth of light fabric. It is quite short, and is called *manteau-page*. It has a very pretty effect in giving body to the otherwise light appearance of the stuff.

FIGURE 6. *Walking Dress.*—Bonnet of pink crape in folds. The face is formed of four of these folds, including that which forms the edge. The first two are surmounted each by a blond of its own width, so raised as apparently to double its thickness. The crown is round, and trimmed with three blondes overlaying each other, and gathered. On each side of the face are two handsome marabouts, spangled with little patches of white. Two branches of white acacia, placed one at the side of each cheek, form the under-trimming.

Redingote of salmon-coloured taffetas, with very high corsage, fitting the shape smoothly, and trimmed in front with a row of silk buttons, placed very close together, and extending also to the bottom of the skirt. Pagoda sleeves, from under which appear puffings of tulle-dentelle, with tight wristband ornamented with a volant turned back over it.

Scarf mantalet of the same material as the redingote. This is a novelty, and very pretty. It is closed in front with *agrafes* as far up as the waist. The lappets are very short. The corsage does not mount higher than the shoulder-joint, and is very gracefully rounded out behind *en décolletant*. Over the shoulders there is a very unique trimming of ribands made out of the dress material, and placed in volants gathered evenly at each edge, and in the

middle, by three drawing-strings, disposed for that purpose in the fabrication of the riband. The lower edge of the manteau is trimmed with four rows of the same. At the bottom of these is an edging of very wide fringe, varied by six rows of shading alternately bright and dull.



FIG. 6.

WALKING DRESS.

WASHINGTON.

BY THE REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

GREAT WASHINGTON! in virtue all sublime!
The gift of God, the heritage of time!
Oh, name immortal! of celestial birth,
Grand as the mountain monuments of earth;
Unfading as the stars that glow by night,
Refulgent as the sun's unclouded light;
Sacred to childhood, early taught the word;

Guide of the lands by Revolution stirred;
Revered by all whom heaven's broad arches span,
Graved on the heart of universal man;
Unspotted as the snow that winter brings,
Melodious as the song that freedom sings;
Bright in the past on all that patriots claim,
Splendid in future as eternal fame!

EDITORIAL.—ART NOTICES.



SCHWANTHALER'S NYMPH.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

SINCE the palmiest days of the Renaissance, or the golden age of Pagan Christianity, the world has witnessed no period during which Art has flourished in such majesty and beauty as the present. And its own greatness, in this respect, would appear to be the only characteristic of which this "self-conscious age" has remained in ignorance. As far as the practical is concerned, as far as pre-eminence in railroads, revolutions, steamships, cheap literature, and telegraphs, comes in question, we are never weary of blowing thunder-blasts on our trumpet, and proclaiming to time and eternity our infinite and awful superiority to all generations, past, present, and to come. Only in art and literature do we falter, and, looking back with fear and reverence to the dim and giant-like shadows of the great masters, which rise afar against the morning red of the early dawn, timidly whisper that we are, as yet, in this respect, but imitators, and that we must await new developments—new stages—a new millennium, perhaps, ere we can claim to rank in anything with the lords of the Past.

Wisely and yet not truly spoken! For though no rational mind will deny that, while the practical tendencies of the present age have, to a remarkable degree, succeeded in banishing from life and society most of those striking incongruities and agreeable irregularities from which Art was enabled to draw, without effort, the most varied originality, and while we are also compelled to admit that a faint and, as yet, half-formed, naturalism has been the only genuine contribution of this century to its stores, we are still quite as strongly inclined to assert that, as far as the mere aggregate and existence of genius and talent are concerned, this, our age, is inferior to none; albeit, at present occupied in little else save collecting and arranging, imitating and repairing.

But are there not periods when *Eclecticism* is as absolutely essential to true progress as the fullest tide of creative genius? Nay, are there not times when the one or the other would be misplaced and injurious? Ammonius Saccas was as necessary to the second century, as Cousin to the nineteenth, and the school of the Caracci better adapted to their day and generation than Xeuixis or Raphael himself would have been. It is refreshing for na-

tions, as well as men, to pause at times in their career and look back upon their course, nor is it less requisite that occasionally one period should wear the device "*carpe et collige*," that the after coming may rejoice with a glorious "*sic itur*."

To the true philosopher, those men who represent any particular age are great, not according to the importance of the rôle which they play, or the *éclat* by which their actions are surrounded, but the zeal and fidelity with which they perform their duty, and, indirectly, the influence which they exert. He who, despite the drawbacks, discouragements, and false tastes of his age, honestly and assiduously labours on, is fully entitled to the benefit of the question, "Would he not, in another century, rank among the highest, and that, too, in spite of the real or apparent poverty of his productions?"

Viewed from this point, Louis Schwanthaler, the subject of our present sketch, may be fairly ranked among the most brilliant of those bright particular stars which have shone during the nineteenth century from the heaven of its Art. Emerging into influence at a period when Germany was convulsed by the feuds of the romanticists or mediaevalists, and the staunch adherents of the classic school, he was among the first to evince by his works, a sincere appreciation of the great truth, that it is only by a thorough comprehension of *both*, that we can fully succeed in understanding *either*. "*Classischer Bildung und romantischer Neigung*,"—a classic education with romantic tendencies—such was the character of this genuine artist of the present day.

SCHWANTHALER was born in the city of Munich, on the 26th of August, 1802, of a family whose principal representatives had for several generations been devoted to statuary and sculpture, his father occupying the station of sculptor to his Majesty Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, and from whom he received an excellent education. As it was originally intended that he should embrace a profession, he applied himself for a long time to the study of philosophy—a most fortunate event—since it is doubtful if, without this early mental culture, his mind would have ever attained that high and scholarly precision which his works so abundantly manifest, or that intellectual confidence which enabled him, like Pietro d'Abano, the *Conciliator*, to bring together clearly the most opposing and incongruous elements. Goethe has well remarked in his aphorisms, "that he who would write or dispute about art at the present time, ought to have some notion of what *Philosophy* has accomplished in our day, and is still accomplishing,"—an observation even more applicable to the great, first-class artist than the amateur. All that is truly great in the art of the present century, even the high catholic art of modern Germany itself, was the offshoot and derivation of different systems of aesthetics or philosophies of art. We honestly believe that a thorough course of psychology, physics, and the history of philosophy, is the best initiatory training conceivable for any one destined for the career of artist or critic.

But ere long the hereditary taste for art manifested itself, and our philosopher became a painter of battle-scenes—a by no means unusual beginning for fiery young gentlemen, to whom the romantic and physical ever present the strongest attraction. We are aware that this Byronic, or "storm and pressure" period is generally regarded with sorrow, if not anger, by those riper minds who have thoroughly experienced and comprehended

life, but looking upon it as an almost necessary evil, we are still inclined for our own part to regard it with an indulgent though pitying eye. We generally find, indeed, that in proportion to the violence of this youthful brain-fermentation, is the quiet and majesty of an after maturity. Many, indeed, like Byron and Salvator Rosa, Alfieri and Caravaggio, never pass beyond it—never outgrow it—and, prisoned by circumstance or temperament, die without attaining the full development of genius. But the period, though always sorrowful, and not unfrequently sickening, is, nevertheless, necessary; so that we are all in duty bound to wish the patient a safe and happy transit through the crisis. "Goethe," says Carlyle, "in passionate words must write his 'Sorrows of Werter,' before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man." And in like manner Schiller must write "The Robbers," and Schwanthaler paint battle-scenes, ere their minds could be fitly prepared for deliberate and sensible action. With the latter, indeed, this would seem to have been speedily effected—thanks, no doubt, to the "*éducation soignée*," or careful education, spoken of by his biographers. From painting he passed to sculpture, from the easel and palette, to the atelier of his father, and the lessons of the Institute, at which latter he remained, according to Raczyński, until 1825. His first great work is said by Hypolyte Fortoul to have been a table, executed for the King Maximilian Joseph, upon which was represented the entire cycle of the myths of Prometheus and the Titans,—"an epic manner of treating works of art, and giving that promise of a learned and fruitful genius, which has been amply fulfilled by his subsequent productions."

In 1826, owing to the generosity of King Louis, who has in every possible manner proved himself the most liberal and discriminating patron of art in the present century, Schwanthaler was enabled to make a journey through Italy. He passed a year in that country, where, in 1834, he again remained for a much longer period, occupied in fulfilling a great number of commissions, which his already advanced reputation had obtained for him. During this second visit he became as far as possible familiar with those sculptors who were celebrated for their close adherence to plastic art, as well as the painters who were principally occupied in attempting to revive the romantic or Gothic style. In 1835, he returned to Munich, and with the exception of several visits to Italy, amounting in duration to three additional years, passed the remainder of his life in that "German Athens," occupied in executing, principally for his sovereign, those numerous works with which the city is so liberally adorned.

It were useless, in an article like the present, to attempt to give an account, or even a list of the vast amount of works which Schwanthaler completed previous to his death. Every one familiar with the history of modern German art, will bear us witness that the versatility and fecundity of his genius surpasses belief. And we can also confidently assert that no artist—certainly no sculptor—of the present century, has ever approached him in the universal excellence of his productions. Others have produced *good* works of art—Schwanthaler emphatically never an indifferent one. When we reflect upon the great variety of styles in which his genius exercised itself, this constant equality of excellence appears little less than miraculous. It is, in fact, the *only* characteristic common to all his works. In the statues which adorn the Wall-halla at Ratisbon, or the Pinacothek and Glyptothek of Munich, we see, we feel nothing save the purest classic spirit and inspiration. In every line, every expression, we seem to trace the work of one who has given up his entire soul to the influences of pure Grecian poetry and art. In his Gothic productions, as, for example, the suite of reliefs executed for the brothers Boisserée, on the contrary, he is as exclusively and thoroughly *romantic* as the most enthusiastic modern devotee of high catholic art could possibly be, while in the bronze Christ, which adorns the cathedral of Bamberg, we are astonished to find at the

present day such a perfect reproduction of the strange and mysterious Byzantine type.

Those artists and thinkers of the present century who are sufficiently advanced in the spirit of truth to know that an universality of knowledge, of style, of execution, never yet hindered any one from attaining to excellence in any one particular, but on the contrary, rather advanced him, and who, from the stress which we have laid upon the influence which the early studies of Schwanthaler had upon his subsequent career, will have inferred that his extraordinary success was not owing entirely to natural genius, are probably inclined at this stage to inquire, "By what method of study, or to what assistants was the sculptor then mainly indebted? By what magic, in short, was he enabled to plunge into the spirit of so many styles, and be at the same time a classic, a romanticist,—or still more incredible—a *Byzantine*?" We fancy that we can explain this difficulty, and reconcile these apparent incongruities. Such a many-sidedness of talent is by no means without precedent or parallel, either in literature or art, and we confidently trust, that when the present transition age has fairly passed through its doubt and striving, such a phenomenon will by no means excite the least surprise.

No artist or author was ever yet enabled to enter into and *fully* appreciate any great mind or era, who had only comprehended it during one particular phase or period, though that phase were the zenith of its glory. No man, however great his genius or keen his perception, could ever *fully* appreciate Raphael, had he seen only his masterpieces. He should have traced him through all his stages—all his manners—from the early Gothic paintings, but a few removes beyond the illuminations of a manuscript, to the strange, silent beauty of his Peruzino style—from Peruzino to Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. And he should, as far as possible, strive to comprehend the spirit of the age, by which those early Gothic pictures were inspired, and feel the romantic religious inspiration which amply atoned for their mechanical defects. It is only by going back to first principles, either in art, and literature, or physics, that we can fully appreciate the whole.

That this was well understood by Schwanthaler is evident from the nature of his studies, and their subsequent application. To fully comprehend that Gothic art to which his mind naturally inclined, he was obliged to master the romanesque or Byzantine. To appreciate this, he was again obliged to explore the recesses of the classic schools, whose type or origin was the Eginetic. Schwanthaler undoubtedly felt, better than any sculptor of his age, that no artist could become great or genuine by a superficial imitation of mere form.

We must, in fact, carefully study the Eginetic marbles, if we would thoroughly comprehend the classic side of Schwanthaler's genius. It was by examining these relics that he was enabled to go beyond the age of Phidias, and perfectly understand the elementary and essential principles of Grecian art. To those not already acquainted with these Eginetic statues, it will be sufficient to state that they are a group of statues discovered in 1811 by Baron Haller, and Messrs. Cockrell and Forster, Englishmen, and at present preserved in the Glyptothek, or Statue Gallery of Munich. "These marbles are worthy of particular notice, as being almost the only surviving specimen of the Eginetan school of sculpture, whose productions stood somewhat in the same relation to the works of Phidias, as the early paintings of Giotto, Cimabue, Masaccio, and other early Italian artists, do to those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Although the drawing of the figures is generally correct in these statues, the character of the sculpture is stiff and hard, and the draperies hang in plaits rather than folds, and the hair is like macaroni."

The discovery of these statues (representing Hercules and Telamon, with the contest of the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus) was hailed with universal acclamation by all the continental literati and scholars, as supplying a link in the broken historical chain of Gre-

cian art. For it is singular that Pausanias is the only author of antiquity who makes a distinct mention of an Eginetic school, and that Cicero, Quintilian, and Pliny should have been evidently ignorant of the origin of the Grecian school of art. No one who has once studied these marbles will think of deriving classic sculpture directly from an Oriental source.

From the great influence which the study of these remains had upon forming the style—we might almost add the genius—of Schwanthaler, we have deemed this mention of them not inappropriate. It was by a thorough knowledge of the history of art that this sculptor became great, and it is only the neglect of this which at present hinders our American artists from forming the first school in the world.

It may not be generally known that there is at present in Philadelphia, in the possession of a gentleman well known for his admirable taste in collecting works of art, the last statue which came from the hand of Schwanthaler, previous to his death in 1847. This figure, representing a water-nymph, or to speak more correctly, a *Nix*, or water-fairy, as it sets forth a Gothic, and not classic myth), is exquisitely conceived, and represents more perfectly, we are inclined to think, than any work of Schwanthaler's which we have ever beheld, even in Munich, the predominant characteristic of his style, "the union of classic form to romantic expression." We are glad to think that such a treasure should find a place in our native city, and that the opportunity should be thus afforded us of making more generally known a work which, æsthetically regarded, may in one sense be considered the masterpiece of one who, as far as the fast-forming style of strictly modern art is concerned, may be regarded as the first sculptor of the nineteenth century. We do not deny that Thorwaldsen, Rauch, and even Chantrey have, in certain particulars, surpassed him;—in simple naturalism our own Powers is not his inferior,—but as an eclectic—as one who has comprehended the true spirit of the age in Art,—Schwanthaler is unrivalled and alone.

The statue to which we refer, represents a water fairy (or nymph) seated by a stream, holding in one hand a rude harp—her expression apparently that of musical inspiration and dreamy reverie. At her feet, a fish is seen starting from the water. As this work is not one of that description which, like most of the statues of classical antiquity, tell of themselves their own story, we deem it fitting to narrate the legend from which the subject is taken, and which we translate from an account furnished by a relative of the artist.

"In the midst of a small lake in the vicinity of Salzburg, and near the legendary (*sagenreiche*) mountains of Untersberg, lies the ancient and beautiful castle Aniff, which was recently purchased by one of our richest nobles, Count Arco. All of the old fishermen in that place assert that they, as well as many others, have frequently heard strange music arising from its waters, and that, at times, the form of a maiden has been seen rising to the surface, playing with a fish, and again suddenly disappearing. At the request of Count Arco, my cousin designed (*zeichnete*) for his castle, from this legend, the figure which is at present still kept there. The original statue was prepared for Lord Fitz-William, and is now in London; this one, however, was (with several alterations) executed by Schwanthaler himself, and was his last work."

We would, with this legend, have concluded our notice of this statue, and of Schwanthaler, had we not heard it well objected, by a lady, "that the story, though amply sufficient for artistic purposes, was, in itself, by no means satisfactory." What was the origin of this mysterious legend?—who was the nymph?—and why the fish, or the music?—At the risk of wearying our readers with ancient symbolism and mythology, we will attempt a solution of the possible origin of this and similar Gothic myths.

There is no doubt, but that a vast number of the popular lays and legends of the Middle Ages originated not only in the direct teaching of the Roman Church, but in the vulgar explanation of the strange symbols with which

their cathedrals were covered. Apart from the original and pure oriental symbolism of the Free Masons of that early period, as well as the incessant "moralising" or allegorising of the monks (which had nothing whatever in common,) we find the popular mind, naturally enough, investing these mysterious images with its own proper spirit of romance, and inventing a thousand wild songs and stories to account for the strange monsters so continually kept before them. Thus, the symbol of the Knight fighting with the Dragon, which is to be found in almost all Gothic churches, and which was originally an old Persian myth, representing the strife of Light and Darkness, or the good and evil principle, became, for the multitude, a St. George or a St. Martha of Tarascon, according to place and circumstance. And when we state that the image of a naked siren, holding a fish is of very frequent occurrence in Gothic churches in different parts of Europe, we fancy that we have already clearly pointed out the probable origin of the legend of the water lady of castle Aniff.

The reader will, doubtless, ere this, have recalled the legend of *Lurlei*, the fair siren of the Rhine, and numerous similar German legends, which have of late years inspired so many exquisite productions from the pens and pencils of the artists and poets of the Teutonic fatherland. But this story of the water fairy of castle Aniff we find more than usually interesting, since, in the accompanying attributes of the fish and the mysterious music, we have clearly pointed out to us a myth, derived through the Christian mythology of the Middle Ages, from the highest antiquity. As we have already stated, the image of a siren holding a fish is frequently seen in Gothic cathedrals. One of the best illustrations of this is to be seen on a capital of the tenth century, in the church of St. Germain des Prés, in Paris, a copy of which, taken by ourself, now lies before us, and which capital we have since found in *Lenoir* (Monum. de la France, p. 19, Pl. xiv., fig. 10). Also in the Arcade of St. Aubin and the churches of Cunault and Civaux, similar figures occur. This figure of the siren with the fish is a curious illustration of the manner in which the Free Masons of the Middle Ages contrived to use in common with (or perhaps force upon) the church a symbol, for which they reserved their own peculiar interpretation. The siren had been from all ages a type of wantonness and voluptuousness, alluring men, according to the old Grecian tale, from the straightforward path; and this explanation was readily seized and enlarged upon by the church, one of whose principal doctrines was the mortification of the flesh, and derivatively humility and submission to the powers that be. To them the siren of pleasure was a veritable devil. According to the Gnostical philosophy, inculcated by the Free Masons of that period, it was like the principle of evil, something absolutely necessary and essential to the economy of creation. The fish, again, according to the early christians, typified Christ, from the initial letters of the Greek phrase Jesus Christ the Son of God, which formed the word *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, signifying in that language a fish. It was also employed by them to represent—generally as a dolphin—the soul of one driven about by the storms of the world.* Tertullian terms those who have passed through the waters of baptism, *pisculi*. But according to the curious philosophy of their opponents, the fish was a very ancient oriental type of voluptuousness and love. The Syrian Venus was anciently worshipped under this form, and the reader will at once recall the dolphin of the Medicean Venus. In the capital in the church of St. Germain des Prés, at Paris, already referred to, the sirens are brought into curious and appropriate apposition with *Pisces*, the sign of the Zodiac, which, as indicating the month of February, was considered a peculiarly fitting type of the principle already referred to, or as Petrus Berchorius, the author of the *Gesta Romanorum*, remarks, in a discourse written about the year 1350, "*Et tunc sol in Piscibus esse dicitur: quia scilicet sol, id est ratio luxurioso-*

* Vide Piper, Myth. und Symb. p. 390.

rum, in piscibus, id est, in carnis voluptatibus implicatur." "And at this season the sun is said to be in Pisces, by which ye may know that the sun, which is the soul of luxurious men, is entangled and caught by the fishes, signifying the delights of the flesh."

So much for the Fairy with the Fish. As for that part of the legend which refers to music heard at times rising from the lake, it is, we believe, generally known in all countries. In Italy, Germany, Ireland, and the farthest East—even in the United States, there are lakes where this "magical music" has from time to time been heard. At times, as in Rückert's beautiful poem of the *Sunken City*, it is the faint sound of bells.

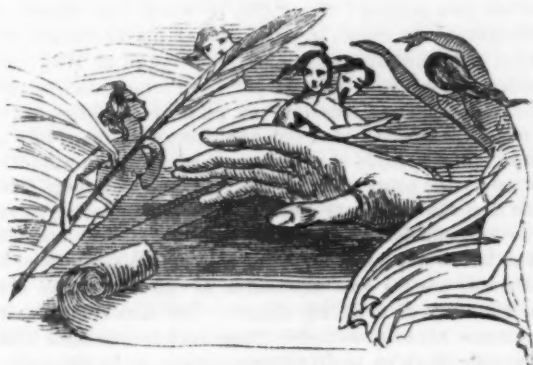
"Hark! the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their old melodious chime;
From the deep's abysses floats a ditty
Wild and wondrous of the ancient time."

Similar tales are told of Lough Neagh, in Ireland, in whose depths a city lies buried.

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the setting sun's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

MOORE.

Also, of the Lago d'Agnano, near Naples, and the drowned city of Baly, chronicled in Southey's "Curse of Kehama." A similar tale was long current of a certain mysteriously musical bayou in Louisiana. It was reserved, however, for a keen American investigator to discover, that the dulcet sounds arising from the latter were caused by nothing more nor less than the dulcet vibrations and gurglings caused by a few overgrown catfish hidden in its depths. Whether a similar unromantic cause may be assigned to the sweet sounds arising from the other localities referred to, we know not.



BOOK NOTICES.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS, containing the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of twenty-four of the most eminent citizens of the Republic, during our own times. No. 1. Gen. Taylor; No. 2. Calhoun; No. 3. Daniel Webster; No. 4. Silas Wright; No. 5. Clay; No. 6. Fremont; No. 7. Audubon; No. 8. Prescott; No. 9. Gen. Scott. From Daguerreotypes by Brady, engraved by D'Avignon, and edited by C. Edwards Lester.

When the first number of this great work appeared, the interest it excited was of necessity somewhat diminished by an apprehension, which the public thought to be well founded, that from want of patronage or other causes, it never could be completed. The superb style of its letter-press, the extreme beauty and finish of the portraits, and the necessarily vast expense required to carry it through, to say nothing of many other obstacles which oppose the final completion of such great undertakings, rendered the apprehension we have spoken of not only natural but perhaps inevitable. Besides, it was not believed that the period had yet come when such a

work would find, in this country, that generous encouragement so requisite to its support; but the numbers were issued with so much promptness and symmetry, it soon became evident that the enterprise was in resolute and judicious hands, and for several months now, all apprehension in regard to the successful termination of the Gallery seems to have been done away. Nine numbers have already made their appearance, and during the month the work will be half complete. We are not the only ones who rejoice in the success of this noble publication, for every friend of art and taste, and every American whose bosom glows with a feeling of national pride and patriotism, will entertain the same sentiments. We are not aware that, in the whole history of artistic typography, any work has appeared in this country which has been received with warmer and more universal encomiums. It seems to have been universally conceded that the portraits have surpassed all that have ever been taken, in fidelity of likeness, in depth, clearness, and earnestness of expression, and in artistic pictorial elegance. Some considerable degree of surprise seems to have been manifested at the part of the editor; since, as these sketches must of necessity be very brief, it was supposed that, like most others of the kind, they would contain but a few dry details, in which readers of taste would probably feel very little interest. But Mr. Lester has not only demonstrated the possibility of writing so impartially about his own contemporaries, as not only to give no offence to high-toned partisans, but he has met with universal commendation. He has achieved, if possible, a still more difficult point; and the severest critics have accorded to these sketches from his pen, unequalled condensation, honest impartiality, and the rarest brilliancy and power. One of the sternest and most critical of the English journals has remarked, that "it would be difficult, within the entire scope of British literature, to produce many specimens of this high and difficult style of composition."

Probably the great success of this work is to be attributed also, in no small degree, to the judicious selection which has been made in the individuals whose portraits and biographies are given in the work. It is no easy matter, in a period of our history like this, where, in almost every department of life, striking illustrations of eminence and fame exist, to make a choice limited to twenty-four, which should meet with general commendation. In briefly glancing at the illustrious men already introduced into the Gallery, every one will be satisfied that they are all entitled to the places they occupy. There was a peculiar appropriateness in beginning a national work with General Taylor, occupying, as he did at the time, the highest civic post in the republic, and having achieved the most distinguished honours on the field of battle. Mr. Calhoun was eminently entitled to his place, from his long and brilliant public services; and Mr. Webster's claim to this sort of consideration would not be questioned in any part of the world. Mr. Wright, long a Senator from New York, and the Governor of that great state, although he did not stand so conspicuously before the nation as some others, was undoubtedly on the road to still higher preferment when he was suddenly taken away. Mr. Clay has, for more than an entire generation, been beloved by millions of the American people. Col. Fremont, at a period earlier than almost any other man, and favoured by circumstances which rarely occur in the history of nations, had achieved a degree of eminence which has been attained by few individuals at any period of the world. Audubon for a very long season has held the rank of the first ornithologist living; in addition to which he has no rival in the higher departments of zoological painting. Prescott has won for himself a reputation as a historian, which has not only entitled him to the regards of mankind, but there are few if any American writers who have done so much to elevate the standard and the fame of American literature in other countries. Of Gen. Scott's long public services there can be but one opinion throughout the nation. We understand that Mr.

Irving is now sitting to Elliott, the distinguished portrait painter, for his likeness, to be engraved for this Gallery. Bryant, Chancellor Kent, De Witt Clinton, and others of equal eminence in their several departments, are already preparing to take their places in this grand collection.

We have departed in some measure from our usual course in speaking of this work, for we felt that it was no more than just to record our hearty commendation of the enterprise, which has already reflected so much honour upon the arts and literature of this country, and been received with so much favour on the other side of the Atlantic. We rejoice, too, that in every part of the country, the "*Gallery of Illustrious Americans*" has been received with so much favour; for it settles a point that has hitherto been considered very doubtful, by showing that elegantly embellished and magnificently printed works are already called for by the public taste of the nation, that they are sure, other things being equal, to meet with the most encouraging success.

Most of our readers have doubtless seen numbers of the *Gallery* already, and those who have will need no description of it. But for our distant subscribers, who may not have yet seen it, we will state that the entire publication will be completed during the coming winter, in twenty-four semi-monthly numbers, each one of which embraces a portrait, in large size, with two sheets of biography printed on drawing paper. The cover of each number answers the double purpose of a portfolio for its contents and a journal, which the editor calls his "Fly Leaf of Art and Criticism." These articles are written with great elegance, force, and spirit, ranging through fields of art and literature in the form of essays, biographical sketches of artists, reviews of books, and articles upon the progress of the age. The price of the work is a dollar a number, payable on delivery, or twenty dollars for the twenty-four numbers, payable quarterly in advance. No inconsiderable portion of the success of this work is doubtless to be attributed to the fact that the subscription is placed so low. When such works, even far inferior to this in mechanical and artistic beauty, appear in Europe, it is supposed that of course their circulation must be very limited, and they are consequently published at a very high price. We are glad that the publishers issue this work at a subscription which brings it within the reach of all persons of taste; for such a monument to the "illustrious" men of the nation ought to gain a wide circulation, particularly at a time like this, when the elements of discord have threatened to disturb the permanence of our institutions, and ten thousand anxious hearts have been waiting with hope and with prayer for the passing of the threatening storm.

VALENTINE VOX. *T. B. Peterson*, the indefatigable publisher and vender of cheap books, has just put forth a new edition of the inimitable Valentine Vox, with "pictures to match." The man that cannot get a good laugh either out of the pictures or the text, must be a very Turk and no Christian, and does not deserve a laugh or any other civilized enjoyment.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF DOMESTIC LIFE. *Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.* A volume of interesting and instructive stories, put up in the style of elegance characteristic of the publishers whose name is on the title-page.

BYRNE'S DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS. Part XIV. has been received from the publishers, the *Appletons*. This work, when completed, will be a natural and proper companion for *Ure's Dictionary of the Arts*, by the same publishers. It is published in excellent style, on good paper, and illustrated with more than six thousand engravings.

SMYTH'S UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACES. *New York: Putnam.* Dr. Smyth of Charleston is becoming, if he is not already, the most voluminous writer among our living American divines. The advertising sheet of the present work contains a list of no less than sixteen volumes already published by him on a great variety of subjects, all, however, pertinent to his profession. The present work will add to his well-earned and wide-spread reputa-

tion. It is a vigorous and masterly essay, discussing with equal learning and acumen the subject of the Unity of the Human Races, and defending the commonly received opinion on that subject against certain theories recently advanced by Prof. Agassiz and others.

THE YOUNG ARTIST; or *The Dream of Italy.* By T. S. Arthur. *New York: M. W. Dodd.* One of Arthur's beautiful domestic tales.

SYDNEY SMITH'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY. *New York: Harpers.* These posthumous papers of the world-renowned Reviewer bear evident marks of their origin. Popular lectures on abstruse points of metaphysical inquiry are in themselves an absurdity. Yet no absurdity could be such that a mind like Sydney Smith's would not educe from it something brilliant. These Lectures, while professing to contain elementary sketches only of the science of Moral Philosophy, and while confessedly of a fragmentary character as it regards the entire system of Morals, yet abound throughout with those brilliant flashes of wit, those striking and original thoughts, and those bold and dashing paradoxes, which have made the author one of the most suggestive of all modern writers.

THE PRELUDE; or *the Growth of a Poet's Mind.* An Autobiographical Poem. By William Wordsworth. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* The autobiography of men of genius is always interesting. In the case of Wordsworth it is eminently so, because his works are chiefly of a reflective and contemplative cast, and he had comparatively no history beyond the history of his mind. This history he has undertaken to sketch in the autobiographical poem before us. Though published posthumously, it was written almost half a century before the death of the author. It was written avowedly as a part of the author's preparation for the great work to whose composition he deliberately dedicated his life. He believed it to be reasonable, before entering upon such a work, to take a review of his own mind, and to examine how far nature and education had qualified him for the task. He undertook, therefore, to record in verse the origin and progress of his own powers. The Poem, in which this record is contained, and which, in pursuance of his directions, has been published since his death, was begun in 1799, and completed in 1805. He calls it "The Prelude" in obvious relation to "The Excursion," or rather to the large work (never completed), of which the Excursion was only a part. The Prelude conducts the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself. The two works have the same kind of relation to each other, to use his own expression, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. His Minor Poems, to continue his own metaphor, have such a connexion with the main work as to give them a claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in such edifices.

The Prelude is divided into fourteen books. The several topics upon which he dwells in order are Childhood, Schoollime, Cambridge, Vacation, Books, Cambridge again, The Alps, Residence in London, Residence in France, Imagination and Taste, Conclusion.

The Poem, as giving the author's own solution of the problem of his life, is of high interest. As a poem simply, and apart from its connexion with his other works, it is of very unequal value. Some parts are exceedingly beautiful. Others again, with all reverence be it spoken, are as tame and prosaic as the boldest calumniators of the Lake school could wish to find them.

The work is published in a style of uncommon beauty.

RURAL HOURS. *By a Lady.* Putnam. This book is like its subject—quiet and peaceful, and yet not without a certain sober earnestness that redeems it from tameness. There is not a dash, not an ejaculation, not a broken sentence, no excitement, no intensifying, nothing approaching to an adventure in the whole book. One would suppose that the writer had never seen the city, or been in a

"jam," or knew what hurry and bustle meant. The country is to her as "calm as a summer morning." She tells us how they make "maple sugar," and describes the "cat-bird," and the "chipmucks," and "scare-crows," and even descants upon "humming-birds," and "roses," without once getting into an ecstasy. This is as it should be. If there is anything especially detestable, it is this so-called "intense" style of writing, particularly when applied to subjects in themselves suggestive of calm and peaceful thoughts.

EUROPE, PAST AND PRESENT. By Francis H. Ungewitter, LL.D. Putnam. Any chapter in this volume, taken at a venture, would be sufficient to satisfy the reader, without having looked at the title-page, that the author was a German. Such pains-taking industry, such exact and minute accuracy, such crowding and packing away of knowledge into every by-corner of a book, would seem to be natural to the race. In the present work, Dr. Ungewitter has made an admirable digest or hand-book of European Geography and History, with separate descriptions and statistics of each State. It is an octavo volume of six hundred and seventy pages, closely printed. The matter is so arranged as to typography, headings, &c., as to facilitate greatly the business of reference, and there is no important fact in relation to the present state of Europe, or its recent history, to which one might not almost instantly refer by means either of the Table of Contents or of the very copious Alphabetical Index. For sale by A. Hart.

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA. By John Paget, Esq. Lea & Blanchard: 2 vols., small 8vo. Books on Hungary are becoming almost as common as California books. In regard to the present work, Mr. Paget informs us in the outset that he is deeply interested in the welfare of Hungary, and that he thinks one of the best means of securing that welfare to be the dissemination of knowledge respecting it in western Europe. At the same time, he assures us, he is not blinded, and he does not seek to blind others, in regard to the faults existing either in the country, its institutions, or its inhabitants. He has visited Hungary several times, and spent in all about a year and a half in the country, and travelled over the greater part of it. His means of information, therefore, have been good. These means he appears to have used with industry and candour. His work, too, is not merely valuable for its information, but contains many pleasing adventures worked up in a lively and entertaining style.

GIBBON'S *ROME*. Harper's edition. This incomparably cheap edition of Gibbon is now nearly complete, volumes III., IV., and V., having been received. There probably will never be a better opportunity for purchasing this standard work. The whole six volumes in good library style for less than two dollars and a half.

THE VERY AGE. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Edward S. Gould. New York: Appletons. The object of this play, as the title indicates, is to show society as it now exists, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time,—his form and pressure." Without aiming at, certainly without reaching the highest order of excellence, Mr. Gould's play is yet a work of much merit.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. Edited by William Beattie, M.D. 2 vols., small 8vo., with a Portrait. Harpers. Two more agreeable volumes than these have not been issued from the press for a long time. The work, as a specimen of literary biography, is greatly superior to Southey's Life and Correspondence. The original letter of Washington Irving prefixed to the American edition is in itself a gem.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT. Harpers. 2 vols., small 8vo. Autobiography is quite the order of the day. Goethe, Chateaubriand, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and a host of smaller names, are to be found among those who have in this manner communicated with the public. Leigh Hunt has not filled such a space in the public mind

as to make his life in itself particularly interesting. Yet what may be wanting in this respect is more than compensated by the peculiar vivacity and point of his style. His mind, also, in all his writings, seems to run naturally into the autobiographical vein. These two volumes therefore will be found very chatty, time-beguiling companions for a rainy day, or a winter evening, or any other tedious season.

FOREIGN REVIEWS. We have received from Zieber & Co., Leonard Scott's reprints of *Blackwood* and the *London Quarterly*, both capital numbers, full of interesting and valuable matter. The "Quarterly" contains a long article on the London Post Office, describing minutely its operations. It throws our Postal arrangements very much into the shade.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW. This periodical, under the editorial management of Mr. Simms, seems to have taken a new lease of life. It is brought out with promptness; the articles are various and able; the notices of books discriminating and copious. Southern people should not allow such a work to languish.

ETIQUETTE AT WASHINGTON. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, have published a beautiful little 18mo., intended as a guide-book to Washington etiquette, as also to the customs of polite society in the other leading cities of the United States. For sale by Appleton.

MEMOIR OF ELLEN MAY WOODWARD. By the Rev. George D. Miles. Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston. Miss Woodward, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of Judge Woodward, an eminent citizen and lawyer of Wilkesbarre, and well known throughout the central and northern parts of this state. Miss Woodward, with two other young ladies, her companions, was drowned in January last while crossing upon the ice over the flats on the west bank of the Susquehanna, near her father's residence. The melancholy catastrophe spread a gloom through that beautiful valley, and over many hearts elsewhere that knew the parties. The biography of Miss Woodward is a touching and beautiful tribute of affection to one who, according to the testimony of all that knew her, was a remarkable instance of piety and of female loveliness.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. Tallis, Wiltoughby & Co., New York and London, have commenced the publication of a very elegant edition of Shakspeare. It is to be completed in forty-two numbers, at 25 cents each, with two illustrations finely engraved on steel in each part. The illustrations are from original designs by Warren, Corbould, &c. The work is in imperial, double-column octavo. It will make, when completed, seven large volumes. It is to contain, besides the plays, Shakspeare's *Poems*, which strange to say are almost uniformly omitted in editions of his works professing to be complete. It will contain also all the "doubtful Plays," a Life of Shakspeare, and an Essay on his Phraseology. The editor, Mr. Halliwell, is deservedly eminent as a Shaksperian critic and biographer. Part I. is already received. The engravings, and particularly the engraved title-page, are beautiful specimens of art. For sale by Zieber.

M. DALTON'S LEGATEE. New York, Stringer & Townsend. This is the title of a new work by Mrs. Stone, author of "The Young Milliner," "The Cotton Lord," &c., &c. Price 25 cents. For sale by Getz & Buck, Philadelphia.

THE IRON MASK. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson. Complete in one vol., 50 cents. The sequel and end of "Bragelonne."

THE GREEN HAND, a "Short" Yarn. Harpers. This story, which is still in course of publication in *Blackwood*, is likely to be anything but a "short" yarn. The Harpers have published in a shilling volume the story as far as completed. How much more of it there is to be, it is difficult to say.

THE SCALPEL. By Edward H. Dixon, M. D. Dr. Dixon indicates the character of his periodical by its name. It is devoted mainly to the exposure of quackery, and is adapted equally to popular and professional reading. It

cuts and carves in all directions and without much maiming.

CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. Number VIII. is entitled "*Jesuitism*," and is better than its predecessors—which is not saying much. *Harpers*; also, *Phillips & Sampson*.

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. *New York*; *Harpers*. Part V. has been received from *Zieber & Co.*, and like all the previous numbers is exceedingly beautiful.

PERFORATIONS IN THE LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. By one of the "*Eighteen Millions of Bore*." *Phillips & Sampson*. *Elizur Wright*, of the *Chronotype*, has commenced a series of pamphlets of the same size and appearance as *Carlyle's*, and replying to the latter's grumbings in a style of much and well-deserved severity.

JULIA HOWARD, by *Mrs. Martin Bell*, is the title of No. 146 of *Harper's Library of Select Novels*. Price 25 cents.

THE BOSTON SHAKESPEARE. *Phillips & Sampson, Publishers*. Numbers 21 and 22 have been received from *T. B. Peterson*. The engravings are "*Joan of Arc*," and "*Katherine of France*."

AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.—We have received from *Messrs. Goupil, Vibert & Co.*, *New York*, the numbers, so far as issued, of this truly magnificent work, *The American Portrait Gallery*, and can say with sincerity that it deserves all the applause which the enterprising publishers claim for it. The likenesses are admirable. Their execution, as works of art, surpasses anything of the kind we have seen. There is a degree of finish in the style, a depth of expression, and at the same time a softness of atmosphere of very rare attainment. They are printed with care on India paper, eighteen inches by twenty-four. One is published every month at the price, per single portrait, of \$1.25, or of \$10 per twelve portraits to annual subscribers. Postmasters or others sending six annual subscribers are entitled to an extra copy free of expense. Annual subscribers receive also, free of expense, a portfolio for the plates, specially suited for their preservation. Considering the large size and the extreme beauty of these portraits, we think them remarkably cheap. We have seen pictures no way superior sold currently for two and three dollars. The portraits already received are *Washington*, *Calhoun*, *Clay*, *Webster*, *Scott*, *Fulton*, *Bryant*, and *Willis*. Every one of them is a gem.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—We took occasion on receiving the first and second parts of this work to speak of it with commendation, and have seen as yet no reason to recall the opinions then expressed. The work is in every way admirably adapted to the use designated by its title, namely, that of a *family Bible*. Part IV. has been received. Price 25 cts.

HISTORY OF DARIUS THE GREAT.—By *Jacob Abbott*. *Harpers*. We have read about half of this volume, and find it thus far the best and most accurate of the series to which it belongs.

THE MORNING WATCH. *Putnam*. We fear we are sad judges of poetry, for we see this volume highly praised by contemporaries on all sides for beauties and qualities which, for the life of us, we have not been able to discover. After the very best and most persevering and best-natured efforts, we have not been able to discover in the volume a line of what we call poetry. It professes to be a narrative poem, and yet the narrative is so obscured that the author has found it necessary to help the reader through the bog by adding a separate narrative in prose at the end of the versified one. With the help of both, we have not been able even to make out the story. As to higher matters, we learned from the first page to be very humble in our expectations. The eye wanders over whole pages of delicate typography, from which the mind gathers no more ideas than from so much blank paper.

IN MEMORIAM. *Tennyson*; *Ticknor & Co.* It is in reading a book like this the magazine reviewer takes most to

heart the necessity which limits his criticisms to a few passing remarks. Here is a small volume which may be read in an hour, and yet one might fill a magazine with observations upon its beauties without exhausting the subject. The world is made richer by such a contribution to its sources of enjoyment. We have felt, in reading, a constant sense of gratitude to the author, increasing at every succeeding page, for having opened to us in this poem such a fresh fountain of delight. The tone of the work is sorrowful, and yet it is a sorrow so subdued, so chastened, the heart is at once purified and filled with a pervading sense of beauty while listening to the mourner. The author bewails the loss of a friend who died at sea. That is the whole story. But how many images of beauty, what lessons of wisdom, what depths of subtle meaning, what sentiments of highest import to our common humanity, does he not cause to pass in review in these tuneful wailings! Though not wanting in respect for the useful, we do verily believe that so far as the highest interests of the race are concerned, one true poem such as this is worth whole libraries of mere physical and material knowledge.

We had marked numerous passages for quotation, but must be contented with the following:

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps, with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

Nothing is more common than for those who are themselves incapable of any deeper emotion to regard all this sensitiveness as so much waste of happiness. Why enter into the bonds of friendship or love, if their rupture by death or otherwise is sure to cause such sorrow? Why not live on in apathetic but safe content? Let us hear:

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.—For the illustration of this engraving, see the beautiful poem by *Mrs. Neal*, in our September number.

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音樂家之圖



ARTIST: MAGAZINE.



W. Fisher

W. H. Mote

ARTIST: MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY JOHNSON. — THE ORIGINAL BY JOHANOT.

ESTHER.



A RURAL SCENE.

Now shall I Choose from the Two?

A BALLAD.

MUSIC BY

W. P. CUNNINGTON.

Published by permission of EDWARD L. WALKER, 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Allegretto Scherzando.

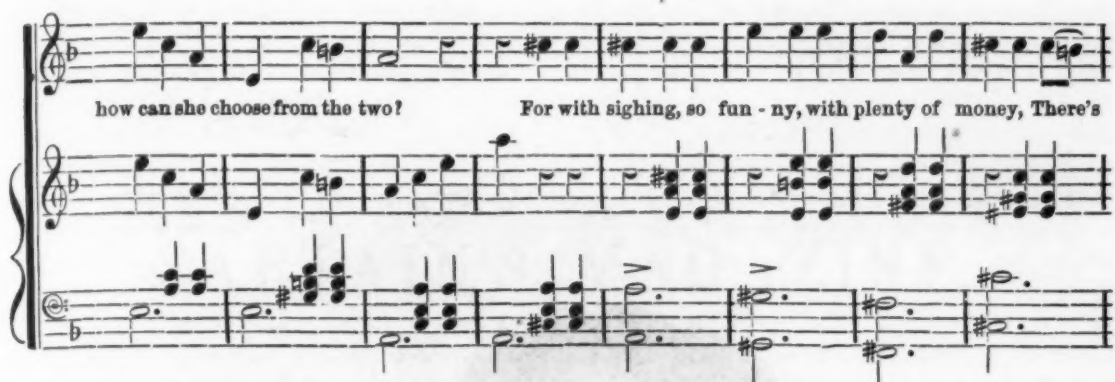


When two lovers torment her with woo - - - ing, O what can a



poor maiden do? First one then an - o - ther pur - su - - - ing, O

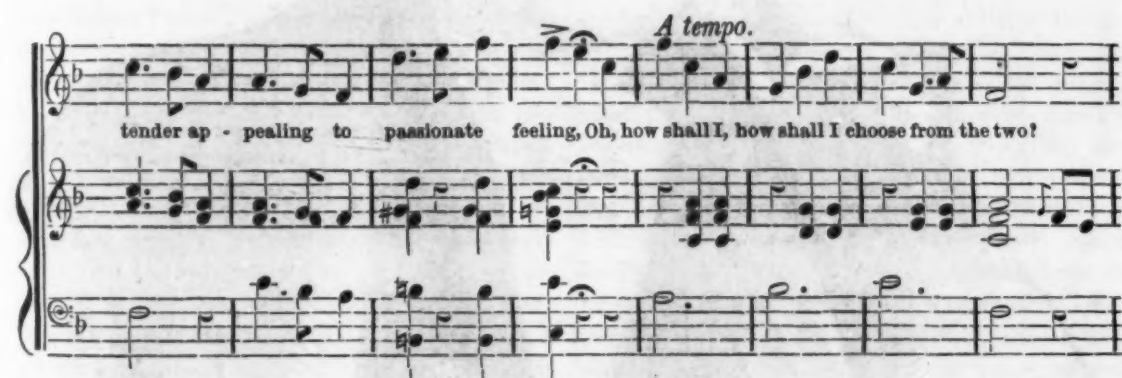
HOW SHALL I CHOOSE FROM THE TWO.



how can she choose from the two? For with sighing, so fun - ny, with plenty of money, There's



Old Mister Brady, would make me a lady, While Reuben ad - dresses with humble ca - resses, And



A tempo.
tender ap - pealing to passionate feeling, Oh, how shall I, how shall I choose from the two?



SECOND VERSE.

If one alone came to torment me,
Right well would I know what to do;
With him I'd make out to content me,
And in quiet my path I'd pursue;
For with sighing so funny,
And plenty of money,
There's old Mister Brady,
Would make me a lady,
While Reuben addresses
With humble caresses,
And tender appealing
To passionate feeling,
Oh how shall I, how shall I choose from the two?



WASHINGTON IRVING.